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THE

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☞ For particulars, see second page. ☜

IN OCTOBER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY FLORENCE PERCY.

Crown me with leaves—with autumn leaves,
Make me a crown without a thorn,
For now is the month of fruit and sheaves,
And this is the day I was born.

Carry your sickly flowers away,
Their odor is faint, and their hues are cold—
They tell of age and of dim decay,
And I shall never be old!
Crown me with leaves—with golden leaves,
Weave me a crown without a thorn,
For now is the month of fruit and sheaves,
And this is the day I was born.

Ah me! we labor so long to learn
To mask our souls and to warp their truth,
That few among us deserve or discern
The secret of deathless youth!
Crown me with leaves—with rosy leaves,
Braid me a crown without a thorn,
For now is the month of fruit and sheaves,
And this is the day I was born.

They are not dying—these leaves of ours—
These colors are never the hues of death;
They only blush for the foolish flowers
Which droop at the frost's first breath.
So make my crown of the brave bright leaves,
A garland hiding no cruel thorn,
For now is the month of fruit and sheaves,
And this is the day I was born!

Yellow and scarlet and opal green,
See how pallid your blossoms grow!
Warmer crimson never was seen,
Or tenderer purple—no!
Crown me with leaves—with rainbow leaves,
Twine me a crown without a thorn,
For now is the month of fruit and sheaves,
And this is the day I was born!

See! those are like clouds, where the sun has set,
While these are paler, and wet with tears;
Ah! those are the friends who love me yet,
And these are my conquered years!
Crown me with leaves—with gorgeous leaves,
Make me a crown without a thorn,
For now is the month of fruit and sheaves,
And this is the day I was born!

THE ALLEN HOUSE;

OR,

TWENTY YEARS AGO, AND NOW.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY T. S. ARTHUR.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by T. S. Arthur, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER VIII.

The appearance, manner, and bearing of the two strangers impressed me strongly. The elder had evidently moved in refined and cultivated society all her life. There was about her the air of "a lady, born and bred"—dignified, calm, easy, and courteous. The daughter was a lovely blossom on this stately stem—delicate, beautiful, sweet with the odors of innocence. I see her now as I saw her on that first night of our meeting—to my eyes a new born vision of loveliness.

I found Constance awaiting, with curious interest, my return. I was going right into the heart of this new wonder, and could not fail to bring back some revelation that would satisfy, in a measure, the excitement of mind produced by so singular an intrusion of strangers upon our quiet town. I answered her first look of inquiry by the words,—

"It is over. Another book of life is sealed up here to be opened in eternity."

"Dead! Not dead?"

"Yes, Constance, Mrs. Allen is dead. Her spirit had passed away before my arrival."

"How did she die?—from what cause?"

"From what I can learn she died in a fit of passion." I then related all that I had seen and heard.

"But who can they be?" This query came as a natural sequence. "What right have they in the Allen House?"

"Whoever they may be," I replied, "they act, or, at least, the elder of the two ladies, acts as if her right there was not even open to a question. And, perhaps, it is not."

"But what can they be to the Allens?"

"I will give you," said I, "the benefit of my guessing on the subject. You recollect the story told about Captain Allen's mother; how she went off a great many years ago with a stranger—an Englishman?"

Constance remembered all about this family history—for it was the romance of our town.

"My conclusion is that this lady is the sister of Captain Allen—the child that his mother took with her when she fled from her husband's house. I am strengthened in this belief from the first impression of her voice, as if the tones had in them something familiar."

We talked this matter over, looking at it in every way, until we satisfied ourselves that my conjectures must be true. The quiet manner in which they had intruded themselves, and taken possession of the house—unheralded as far as we knew—could not but present itself to our minds as a matter of special wonder. The more we conned it over the more we were puzzled.

Before coming home I had called at an undertaker's, and notified him that his services were wanted at the Allen House. Early on the next day I took the liberty of calling there myself. I sent up my name, and awaited, with some interest, my reception. The visit might be regarded as an intrusion, and I was prepared to receive a message from the lady asking to be excused. Not so, however. I had been seated only a few moments, when I heard the rustle of her garments on the stairs. My first glance at her face assured me that I was no unwelcome visitor.

"Thank you, Doctor," she said, as she extended her hand, "for this early call. Our meeting last night for the first time can hardly be called a pleasant one—or the associations connected with it such as either of us might wish to recall."

"Our control over events is so slight," I made answer as I resumed my seat, "that we should separate unpleasant feelings as far as possible from any memories connected with them."

A faint, sad smile just lightened up her placid face, as she said, in reply to the remark,

"Ah, Doctor, that may not be. Lives are too intimately blended here for any one to suffer or do wrong without leaving a burden of sadness on other memories."

"True; but the burden will be light or heavy according to our strength."

She looked at me without replying, for the remark was so palpable, that it seemed to involve nothing beyond a literal fact.

"Or rather," I said, "the burden will be heavy or light according to our state or quality."

There was a sign of awakening interest in her countenance as if my remark had touched some hidden spring of thought.

"If we are right with ourselves," I went on, "the disturbance produced by other's misconduct will not reach very far down. The pressure of sadness may lie upon us for a season; but cannot long remain; for the pure heart will lift itself into serene atmospheres."

"But, who is right with himself?" she said, "whose heart is pure enough to dwell in these serene atmospheres. Not mine, alas!"

I looked into the suddenly illuminated face, as she put these questions, in surprise at the quick change which had passed over it. But the tone in which she uttered the closing sentence was touched with tender sadness.

"Rather let me say," I made answer, "*in the degree* that we are right with ourselves. None attain unto perfection here."

"Yet," said the lady, with a sweet calmness of manner that made her look beautiful—"is it not pleasant to imagine a state of perfection—or rather a state in which evil is quiescent, and the heart active with all good and loving impulses? How full of inspiration is such an ideal of life! But the way by which we must go, if we would rise into this state, is one of difficulty and perpetual warfare. The enemies of our peace are numbered by myriads; and they seek with deadly hatred to do us harm."

"And yet are powerless," said I, "if we keep the outworks of our lives in order."

"Yes," she answered, "it is in the very ultimate or last things of our lives where the power of repulsion resides. We can, in temptation, be it ever so strong, refuse to *act* in the wrong direction—refuse to do an evil thing, because it is sinful. And this is our bulwark; this is our tower of safety; for it is only in *wrong doing* that our enemies gain the victory over us. They may assault us never so fiercely—may dazzle our eyes with the glitter of this world's most alluring things—may stir the latent envy, malice, pride, or dishonesty that lurks in every heart—but, if we stand still; hold back our hands and stay our feet—if we give our resolute 'No' to all enticements, and keep our *actions* free from evil, all hell cannot prevail against us. God will take care of the interior of our lives, and make them pure and heavenly if we resist evil in the exterior. But, pardon me; I did not mean to read you a homily."

She smiled with a grave sort of smile, and then sat silent.

"I like your way of talking," said I. There was something about the lady that put me at ease with her, and I said this without reserve as if I were speaking to a friend. "It looks to higher things in life than people usually regard as worthy of our chief consideration. To most of us the outer world offers the highest attractions; only the few turn inwardly to the more beautiful world of mind."

"Outward things fade, change, die; only spiritual things dwell in unfading beauty. We are in a world of mere effects as to our bodies; but the soul lives in the world of causes. Do we not spend a vain and unprofitable life, then, if we go on building, day after day, our tabernacle on the ever-shifting sands of time, instead of upon the immovable Rock of Ages? But, who is guiltless of this folly? Not I! Not I!"

Again that calm, earnest voice fell to a lower key, and was veiled by a tender sadness.

"It is something gained," she added, with returning firmness of tone, "if even after the sharp lessons of many years we get glimpses of Truth, and are willing to follow, though it be at a far distance, the light she holds aloft. Yes—it is something gained—something gained!"

She spoke the last words as if merely thinking aloud, and not addressing an auditor.

"Can I aid you in anything, madam?" said I, breaking in upon a state of reverie into which her mind seemed to be falling. "The circumstances under which you find yourself are peculiar—I refer to the death of Mrs. Allen, following so quickly on your arrival among strangers—and you may stand in need of friendly service from one who knows the people and their ways. If so, do not hesitate to command me."

"I thank you, sincerely," she answered, unbending still more from her almost stately manner. "Friendly consideration I shall need, of course—as who does not in this world? And I repeat my thanks, that you have so kindly and so promptly anticipated my needs. So far as the remains of my unhappy kinswoman are concerned, I have referred all to the undertaker. He will carry out my wishes. To-morrow, the interment will take place. On the day following, if it is altogether agreeable to yourself, I would esteem a call as a particular favor."

I arose, as she concluded the last sentence, saying as I did so,

"I will be sure to call, madam; and render any service in my power. You may regard me as a friend."

"Already you have extorted my confidence," she answered, faintly smiling.

I bowed low, and was retiring, when she said—

"A moment, Doctor!"

I turned toward her again.

"Doctor, it may be well for you to see my daughter."

"Is she indisposed?" I asked.

"Not exactly that. But the excitement and alarm of the last two or three days have been, I fear, rather too much for her nerves. I say alarm, for the poor girl was really frightened at Mrs. Allen's wild conduct—and no wonder. Death following in so sad a way, shocked her painfully. She did not sleep well last night; and this morning she looks pale and drooping. In all probability, quiet of mind and body will soon adjust the balance of health; still, it may be safest for you to see her."

"A mere temporary disturbance, no doubt, which, as you suggest, quiet of mind and body will, in all probability overcome. Yet it will do no harm for me to see her; and may save trouble."

"Excuse me a moment," she said, and left the room. In a little while she returned, and asked me to accompany her up stairs.

I found the daughter in a black and gray silk wrapper, seated on a lounge. She arose as I entered, a slight flush coming into her face, which subsided in a few moments, leaving it quite pale, and weary looking. After we were all seated, I took her hand, which was hot in the palm, but cold at the extremities. Her pulse was feeble, disturbed, and quick.

"How is your head?" I asked.

"It feels a little strangely," she replied, moving it two or three times, as if to get some well defined sensation.

"Any pain?"

"Yes; a dull kind of pain over my left eye, that seems to go deep into my head."

"What general bodily sensation have you? Any that you can speak of definitely?"

"None, except a sense of oppression and heaviness. When I raise my arm, it seems to fall like lead; if I move about I am weary, and wish to be at rest."

"Rest is, by all means, the most desirable condition for you now," said I. Then addressing her mother, I added—"I think your daughter had better lie down. Let her room be shaded and kept quiet. She needs rest and sleep. Sleep is one of nature's great restorers."

"Will you make no prescription, Doctor?" the mother asked.

I reflected on the symptoms exhibited, for a few moments, and then said,

"Nothing beyond repose, now. I trust that nature, as the pressure is removed, will work all right again."

"You will call in again to-day."

"Yes; towards evening I will see your daughter, when I hope to find her improved in every way."

I spoke with a cheerfulness of manner that did not altogether express my feelings in the case; for, there were some indications, not yet clear enough for a diagnosis, that awakened slight concern. As I did not wish to go wrong in my first prescription, I deemed it better to wait a few hours, and see how nature would succeed in her efforts to repel the enemy. So I went away, with a promise to call again early in the afternoon.

CHAPTER IX.

It was betwen four and five o'clock in the afternoon, when I called again at the Allen House. An old colored servant, who had been in the family ever since my remembrance—she went by the name of "Aunty"—was standing by the gate as I alighted from my chaise.

"'Deed, massa, Ise glad you come," said she, in a troubled way.

"Why so, Aunty? No body very sick, I hope."

"'Deed, an dar is den; else old Aunty don't know nothin'."

"Who?"

"Why dat blessed young lady what drapped in among us, as if she'd come right down from Heaven. I was jest a gwine to run down an ax you to come and see her right away."

I did not linger to talk with "Aunty," but went forward to the house. The mother of Blanche met me at the door. She looked very anxious.

"How is your daughter now?" I asked.

"Not so well as when you saw her this morning," she answered. Her voice trembled.

"I would have called earlier, but have been visiting a patient several miles away."

"She has been lying in a kind of stupor ever since you were here. What can it mean, Doctor?"

The mother looked intently in my face, and paused for an answer, with her lips apart. But I knew, as little as she, what it meant. Ah, how often do anxious friends question us, and hearken eagerly for our replies, when the signs of disease are yet too indefinite for any clear diagnosis.

"I can tell better after seeing your daughter," said I.

And we went up to the sick girl's chamber; that north-west room, at the window of which I had first seen the fair stranger, as I stood wondering in storm and darkness. I found her lying in apparent sleep, and breathing heavily. Her face was flushed; and I noticed the peculiar odor that usually accompanies an eruptive fever.

"How do you feel now?" I asked.

She had opened her eyes as I took her hand. She did not answer, but looked at me in a half bewildered way. Her skin was hot and the pulse small, but tense and corded.

"Does your head ache?"

I wished to arouse her to external consciousness.

"Oh, it's you, Doctor."

She recognized me, and smiled faintly.

"How are you now?" I inquired.

"Not so well, I think, Doctor," she answered. "My head aches worse than it did; and I feel sick all over. I don't know what can ail me."

"Have you any uneasiness, or sense of oppression in the stomach?" I inquired.

"Oh, yes, Doctor." She laid her hand upon her chest; and drew in a long breath, as if trying to get relief.

"Have you felt as well as usual for a week, or ten days past?" I inquired.

"No, Doctor." It was the mother who answered my question. "And in order that you may understand the case clearly, let me say, that it is only a week since we arrived from England. We came over in a steamer, and were fifteen days in making the trip. From Boston, we came here in our own carriage. Before leaving home, Blanche went around to see a number of poor cottagers in our neighborhood, and there was sickness at several of the places where she called. In one cottage, particularly, was a case of low fever. I was troubled when I learned that she had been there, but still hoped that her excellent state of health would repel anything like contagion. During the first part of our voyage, she suffered considerably from sea-sickness; but got along very well after that. If it hadn't been for the unhappy scenes of the last few days, with their painfully exciting consummation, I think she would have thrown off, wholly, any lurking tendency to disease."

I turned my face partly aside, so that its expression could not be seen. The facts stated, and the symptoms as now presented, left me in little doubt as to the nature of the malady against which I had to contend. Even while her mother talked, my patient fell away into the stupor from which I had aroused her.

My treatment of the case, coincided with the practice of men eminent in the school of medicine to which I then belonged. I am not a disciple of that school now, having found a system of exacter science, and one compassing more certain results with smaller risk and less waste of physical energy.

In order to remove the uneasiness of which my patient complained, I gave an emetic. Its action was salutary, causing a determination towards the skin and opening the pores, as well as relieving the oppression from which she suffered.

"How is your head now?" I asked, after she had been quiet for some minutes.

"Better. I feel scarcely any pain."

"So far all is right," said I cheerfully.

The mother looked at me with an anxious face. I arose and we retired from the room together. Before leaving I spoke encouragingly to my patient, and promised to see her early in the morning.

"My daughter is very sick, Doctor. What is the disease?" The mother spoke calmly and firmly. "I am not one towards whom any concealments need be practised; and it is meet that I should know the worst, that I may do the best."

"The disease, madam," I replied, "has not yet put on all of its distinctive signs. A fever—we call it the fever of incubation—is the forerunner of several very different ailments, and, at the beginning, the most accurate eye may fail to see what is beyond. In the present case, however, I think that typhoid fever is indicated."

I spoke as evenly as possible, and with as little apparent concern as possible. But I saw the blood go instantly back from the mother's face.

"Typhoid fever!" she ejaculated in a low voice, clasping her hands together. "I learned afterwards, that she had cause to dread this exhausting and often fatal disease. "Oh, Doctor! do for her as if she were your own and only child."

She grasped my arm, like one catching at a fleeting hope.

"As if she were my own and only child!" I repeated her words in promise and assurance, adding,

"The first result of the medicine which I gave is just what I desired. I will leave something more to be taken at intervals of two hours, until midnight. In the morning, I hope to find a very encouraging change."

"But, Doctor," she replied, "if this is a case of typhoid fever, no hope of any quick change for the better can be entertained. I am no stranger to the fearful malady."

"Attacks of all diseases," I answered to this, "are more or less severe, according to the nature of the predisposing and exciting causes. So far as your daughter is concerned, I should think, from the very slight opportunity I have had of forming an opinion in regard to her, that she is not readily susceptible of morbific intrusions. Under an unusual exposure to exciting causes, the balance of health has been overcome. If my presumption is correct, we have the steady effort of nature, in co-operation with remedial agencies, working towards a cure."

"Do you think the attack light, or severe?" the mother asked, speaking more calmly.

"Neither light nor severe; but of a character, judging from the first impression made upon it, entirely controllable by medicines."

This opinion gave her confidence. As I had spoken without any apparent concealment, she evidently believed the case to stand exactly as I had stated it. After leaving medicine to be taken, every two hours, for the first part of the night, I went away.

In the morning, I found my patient in that comatose state, the usual attendant upon typhoid fever. She aroused herself on my entrance, and answered all questions clearly. She had no pain in the head, nor any distressing symptoms. Her skin was soft and moist. All things looked favorable. I gave, now, only gentle diaphoretics, and let the case progress, watching it with the closest attention. In this, I followed my usual course of treatment as to giving medicines. If I could produce a reaction, or remove some obstruction, and give nature a chance, I did not think it wise to keep on with drugs, which, from their general poisonous qualities, make even well people sick—regarding the struggle of life with disease as hazardous enough, without increasing the risk by adding a new cause of disturbance, unless the need of its presence were unmistakably indicated.

The course of this fever is always slow and exhausting. My patient sunk steadily, day by day, while I continued to watch the case with more than common anxiety. At the end of a week, she was feeble as an infant, and lay, for the most part, in a state of coma. I visited her two or three times every day, and had the thought of her almost constantly in my mind. Her mother, nerved for the occasion, was calm, patient, and untiring. The excitement which appeared on the occasion of my first visits, when there was doubt as to the character of the disease, passed away, and never showed itself again during her daughter's illness. I saw, daily, deeper into her character, which more and more impressed me with its simple grandeur, if I may use the word in this connection. There was nothing trifling, mean or unwomanly about her. Her mind seemed to rest with a profoundly rational, and at the same time child-like trust, in Providence. Fear did not unnerve her, nor anxiety stay her hands in anything. She met me, at every visit, with dignified self-possession, and received my report of the case, each time, without visible emotion. I had not attempted to deceive her in any thing from the beginning; she had seen this, and the fact gave her confidence in all my statements touching her daughter's condition.

At the end of a week, I commenced giving stimulants, selecting, as the chief article, sound old Madeira wine. The effect was soon apparent, in a firmer pulse and a quickened vitality. The lethargic condition in which she had lain for most of the time since the commencement of the attack, began to give way, and in a much shorter period than is usually the case, in this disease, we had the unmistakable signs of convalescence.

"Thank God, who, by means of your skill, has given me back my precious child!" said the mother to me, one day, after Blanche was able to sit up in bed. She took my hand and grasped it tightly. I saw that she was deeply moved. I merely answered,

"With Him are the issues of life."

"And I have tried to leave all with Him," she said. "To be willing to suffer even that loss, the bare thought of which makes me shudder. But I am not equal to the trial, and in mercy He has spared me."

"He is full of compassion, and gracious.—He knows our strength, and will not test it beyond the limits of endurance."

"Doctor," she said, a light coming into her face, "I have much to say to you, but not now. I think you can understand me."

I merely bowed.

"There is one thing," she went on, "that I have liked in you from the beginning. I am to you a total stranger, and my presence in this house, is a fact that must awaken many questions in your mind. Yet you have shown no restless curiosity, have plied me with no leading questions, have left me free to speak, or keep silence. There is a manly courtesy about this that accords with my feelings."

I bowed again, but did not venture upon mere words of compliment.

"I am not sure," said she, "that my name even is known to you."

"It is not," I answered. "You have seemed to avoid any allusion thereto, and delicacy forbade my asking."

"There has been no purposed concealment. My name is Montgomery; and I am sister to the late Captain Allen."

"I had already inferred this relationship."

The remark evidently surprised her.

"On what ground could you base such an inference?" she asked, curiously.

"On traditional ground. The history of this old mansion is familiar to most persons in S——; and some of the incidents connected with the family have too strong a tinge of romance about them to easily pass into oblivion. It is well known to us that Captain Allen had an only sister."

"What is it said became of her?"

"When she was about two years of age her mother carried her off, sailing, as was believed, to England, of which country she was a native."

"Is the name of the child preserved in this tradition?"

"Yes. It was Flora."

"My own name," she said.

"And in person you are identical."

"Yes. My mother's early life embraced some dreadful experiences. Her father and mother, with two brothers and a younger sister, were all murdered by pirates. She alone was spared, and afterwards became the wife of a sea captain, who, I fear, was not a man innocent of blood. On this point, however, my mother was reserved, almost silent. In the course of time she grew so wretched, as the wife of this man, that she sent a letter to England, addressed to some remembered relative, imploring him to save her from a life that was worse than death. This letter fell into the right hands. A cousin was sent out from England, and she fled with him. No attempt, as far as we know, was ever made to follow and regain her. She did not live many years afterwards. I grew up among my relatives, ignorant of her history. My memory of her is distinct, though she died when I was but eight years old.

"I married, at the age of twenty-six, an officer in the British army, one of the younger sons in a titled family, for whom no way in the world is opened, except through the church or the battle-field. General Montgomery chose the profession of a soldier, not from a love of its exciting and fearful concomitants, but because he had no fancy for the gown and cassock, and could not be a hypocrite in religion. He went quite early to British India, and distinguished himself there by many acts of bravery, as well as by his humane and honorable conduct. So highly was he regarded by the East India Company, that he was selected for most important services, and assigned to posts of great responsibility. He was past thirty years of age when I met him, on the occasion of one of his visits to England. The attraction was mutual; and when he returned to Calcutta, I went with him as his wife. Then came twenty years of a happy married life;—happy, I mean, so far as a perfect union of souls can make us happy in this world, but miserable, at times, through intense anxiety for the absent one exposed to fearful perils.

"We had three children." There was a tremor in the voice of Mrs. Montgomery as she referred to her children. "One only remains." She paused, as if to recover herself, then went on.

"I lost my husband first. Ten years ago, he fell at the post of duty, and, while my heart lay crushed and bleeding under the terrible blow, it leaped with throbbings of pride, as his honored name went sounding from lip to lip, and from land to land. I had not the sad pleasure of being with him in that last time. For the sake of our children, I was residing in England.

"Troubles rarely come alone. Two years afterwards my oldest son died. My home was in the family of General Montgomery, where I was treated with great kindness, but as my income was not sufficient for an establishment of my own, I felt a sense of obligation that is always oppressive to one of my nature. This feeling grew upon me daily, and at last began to haunt me like a constantly re-appearing spectre. It is now about three years since, in looking over some old letters and papers, I came unexpectedly upon a document written by my mother—all the evidence as to this was clear—and addressed to myself. How it should have remained so long unobserved, and yet in my possession, is one of the mysterious things which I do not attempt to explain. There is a Providence in all things, even to the most minute, and I simply refer the fact to Providence, and leave it there. This document spoke briefly, but with no special particularity, of her marriage with a Captain Allen, and settlement in this town. It stated that she had two children, a son and a daughter, and that in leaving America for England, she had taken her daughter, but left the son behind. There was no suggestion as to the use to be made of these facts; but there was such a statement of them as left their verification, I thought, easy. I turned them over and over in my mind, and in the end resolved to gain all accessible information touching the present condition of things. To this end, I sent over, about two years ago, a man of prudence and intelligence, versed in legal matters, with instructions to obtain all possible particulars in regard to my brother, his family and estate. He brought back word that my bro-

ther was dead; that he had left no children, and that his widow—if, indeed, she were ever his legal wife, which seemed to be doubted—was old, in poor health, and verging towards mental imbecility, if not insanity. That there was a large and valuable estate, to which I, as sister of Captain Allen, was undoubtedly the heir.

"I kept these things, for the time being, to myself, and pondered over them in some perplexity as to the best course to take. But from these thoughts, my mind was soon turned by the illness of my oldest daughter. After a lingering sickness of many weeks, she died. It seemed almost impossible to arouse myself from the stunning effects of this blow. It crushed me down more than any previous sorrow, for it fell upon a heart weakened by pain. It was many months before the discipline of this affliction awakened me to thoughts of a higher life. Then I began to rise into serener heights—to see as by an interior vision, to believe that even our saddest things may fall upon us in mercy.

"Finally, circumstances of which I need not speak, made me resolve to leave England, and under legal advice of the highest authority, take quiet possession of this estate, which is mine."

Mrs. Montgomery ceased speaking.

"Perhaps," she resumed, after a moment, "it may be as well, all things considered, that you do not speak of this for the present. I shall, as soon as my daughter's full recovery gives me time to enter into the subject, place my affairs in the hands of a safe legal agent, in order that they may assume due form and order. You can, no doubt, refer me to the right individual."

"I can," was my reply. "Judge Bigelow, of our town, is the man. I speak of him with the utmost confidence."

"Thank you, Doctor. You lay me under additional obligation," she said. "I will, at an early day, consult him."

Thus closed this deeply interesting interview.

CHAPTER X.

I attended Blanche Montgomery through her slow convalescence, and had many opportunities for observing her and her mother closely. The more intimately I knew them the higher did they rise in my estimation. A purer, sweeter, truer-hearted girl than Blanche I had never seen. There was an artlessness and an innocence about her but rarely met with in young ladies of her age. Especially was she free from that worldliness and levity which so often mars young maidenhood. Her mind was well stored and cultivated, and she was beginning to use her mental treasures in a way that interested you, and made you listen with pleased attention when she spoke on even common place subjects. Her manners had in them a grace and dignity that was very attractive. As she advanced towards health her deportment took on an easy, confiding air, as if she looked upon me as a true friend. Her smile, whenever I appeared, broke over her gentle face like a gleam of sunshine.

Mrs. Montgomery's manner towards me was distinguished by the same frankness that marked her daughter's deportment. The stately air that struck me in the beginning I no longer observed. If it existed my eyes saw it differently. At her request, when her mind was sufficiently at ease about her daughter to busy itself with the common affairs of life, I brought Judge Bigelow to see her, and she placed her business matters in his hands. The Judge was very much struck with her person and manner, and told me the day after his first meeting with her that she came nearer to his ideal of a lady than any woman he had ever met; and as for the daughter she seemed more like a picture he had once seen than a piece of real flesh and blood. I smiled at the Judge's enthusiasm, but did not wonder at the impression he had received.

Other characters in our story now claim attention, and we must turn to them. After Henry Wallingford had gained the mastery over himself—the struggle was wild, but brief—he resumed his office duties as usual, and few noticed any change in him, except that he withdrew even more than ever into himself. I met him occasionally, and observed him closely. In my eyes there was a marked difference in the aspect of his face. It had an expression of patient suffering at times—and again I saw in it a most touching sadness.

The dashing nephew of Judge Bigelow offered himself to Squire Floyd's daughter in about a week after her rejection of Wallingford's suit, and was accepted. I became immediately cognizant of the fact through my wife, who had the news from Delia's aunt, Mrs. Dean. A day or two afterwards I met her in company with young Dewey, and observed her closely Alas! In my eyes the work of moral retrocession had already begun. She was gay and chatty, and her countenance fresh and blooming. But I missed something—something the absence of which awakened a sigh of regret. Ralph was very lover-like in his deportment, fluttering about Delia, complimenting her, and showing her many obtrusive attentions. But eyes that were in the habit of looking below the surface of things, saw no heart in it all.

Squire Floyd was delighted with his daughter's fine prospects; and he and Judge Bigelow drew their heads together over the affair in a cosy and confidential way very pleasant to both of them. The Judge was eloquent touching his nephew's fine qualities and splendid prospects; and congratulated the Squire, time and again, on his daughter's fortunate matrimonial speculation. He used the word which was significative beyond anything that entered his imagination.

A few days after the engagement Ralph Dewey returned to New York. The wedding-day had not been fixed; but the marriage, as understood by all parties, was to take place some time during the next winter.

From that time I noticed a change in Delia. She grew silent in company, and had an absent way about her that contrasted strongly with her former social disposition. Young people rallied her in the usual style about her heart being absent with the beloved one, but I read the signs differently. It could not but follow, that a soul, endowed like hers, would have misgivings in view of an alliance with one like Ralph Dewey. What was there in him to satisfy a true woman's yearnings for conjunction with a kindred nature? Nothing! He was all outside as to good. A mere selfish, superficial, speculating man of the world. While she had a heart capable of the deepest and truest affection. Would he make the fitting complement to her life? Alas! No! That were a thing impossible.

During the few months that preceded this marriage, I often heard its promise discussed by my wife and Mrs. Dean, neither of whom had any strong liking for the young New York merchant.

"It's my opinion," said Mrs. Dean, as she sat with my wife one evening, about two months after the engagement had taken place, "that Ralph has more froth than substance about him. He really talks, sometimes, as if he had the world in a sling and could toss it up among the stars. As far as my observation goes such people flourish only for a season."

"If Delia were a child of mine," said my good Constance, in her earnest way, "I would a thousand times rather trust her with Henry Wallingford than with Ralph Dewey."

"Yes, and a thousand millions of times," responded Mrs. Dean. "He is a man. You know just what he is, and where he is. But, as for this splashing nephew of Judge Bigelow's—who knows what's below the surface. Delia's father is all taken up with him, and thinks the match a splendid one. Sister don't say much; but I can see that she has her misgivings. I can talk to you freely, you know."

"I don't think," said I, "that Delia has grown more cheerful since her engagement. Brides expectant ought to feel as happy as the day is long."

"More cheerful? Oh, dear, no! She isn't the same that she was at all; but mopes about more than half of her time. It's just my opinion—spoken between friends—that she cares, now, a great deal more for Henry than she does for Ralph."

"Do they ever meet?" I inquired.

"Not very often."

"They have met?"

"Yes, several times."

"Have you seen them together?"

"Oh, yes."

"How does she act towards him?"

"Not always the same. Sometimes she is talkative, and sometimes reserved—sometimes as gay as a lark, and sometimes sober enough; as if there were such a weight on her spirits, that she could not smile without an effort."

"Does the fact of his presence make any change in her?" I inquired. "What I mean is, if she were lively in spirits before he came in, would she grow serious, or if serious, grow excited?"

"Oh, yes, it always makes a change. I've known her, after being very quiet, and hardly having anything to say, though in the midst of young company, grow all at once as merry as a cricket, and laugh and joke in a wild sort of way. And again, when she has been in one of her old, pleasant states of mind, I have noticed that she all at once drew back into herself; I could trace the cause to only this—the presence of Henry Wallingford. But this doesn't often happen, for he rarely shows himself in company."

"Is there anything noticeable about Henry when they meet?" I asked.

"Not to an ordinary observer," replied Mrs. Dean. "But I look with sharper eyes than most people. Yes, there is something noticeable. He always puts himself in her way, but with a kind of forced, resolute manner, as if the act were a trial of strength, and involved a stern heart-discipline. And this, I think, is just the real state of the case. He has deliberately and resolutely entered upon the work of unwinding from his heart the cord which love has thrown around it in so many intertwisted folds. So I read him. To break it by sudden force, would leave so many unwound portions behind, that the memory of her might sadden the whole of his after-life. And so he is learning to grow indifferent towards her. To search in her for such things as repel, instead of for those that charm the heart."

"A dangerous experiment," said my wife, "for one who has loved so deeply."

"It would be to most men," I remarked.—"But there is stuff about Henry—the stuff that strong, persistent, successful men are made of. If he has begun this work, he will complete it certainly."

A few weeks afterwards, I had an opportunity of seeing them together, and I improved it to observe them closely. It was in a mixed company at the house of Judge Bigelow. Wallingford came in rather late. I was conversing with Delia when he entered the room, and we were at an interesting point in the subject under consideration. I noticed, all at once, a hesitation and confusion of thought, as her eyes rested, with a sudden interest, on some object in the room. Glancing around, I saw the young man. We went on with our conversation, Delia rallying herself, as I could see, with an effort. But she talked no longer from thought, only from memory—uttering mere truisms and common-places. She put on more animation, and affected a deeper interest; but I was not deceived.

We were still in conversation, when Wallingford joined us. I saw him fix his eyes, as they met, searchingly upon her face, and saw her eyes droop away from his. He was fully self-possessed; she not at ease. His mind was clear; hers in some confusion. I remained some time near them, listening to their conversation, and joining in occasionally. Never before had I seen him appear so well, nor her to such poor advantage. She tried to act a part—he was himself. I noticed, as he led the conversation, that he kept away from the esthetic, and held her thought in the region of moral causes. That he dwelt on the ends and purposes of life, as involving everything. Now and then she essayed a feeble argument, or met some of his propositions with light banter. But with a word he obliterated the sophism—and with a glance repressed the badinage. I think she could never before have so felt the superiority of this man, whose pure love—almost worship—she had put aside as a thing of light importance; and I think the interview helped him in the work upon which he had entered, that of obliterating from his heart all traces of her image.

After this interview, they did not draw together again during the evening. Delia tried to be gay and indifferent; but he acted himself out just as he was. I did not observe that he was more social than usual, or that he mingled more than was his wont with the young ladies present. For most of the time he kept, as was usual with him, in company and in conversation with his own sex.

I could not but pity Delia Floyd. It was plain to me that she was waking up to the sad error she had committed—an error the consequences of which would go with her through life. Very, very far was she from being indifferent to Wallingford—that I could plainly see.

During the winter, Ralph came up frequently from New York to visit his bride to be. As he was the nephew of Judge Bigelow, he and Wallingford were, as a thing of course, thrown often together during these visits. It can hardly excite wonder that Wallingford maintained a reserved and distant demeanor towards the young man, steadily repelling all familiarity, yet always treating him with such politeness and respect that no cause of offence could appear. On the part of Dewey, it may be said that he saw little in the grave plodder among dusty law books and discolored parchments, that won upon his regard. He looked upon him as a young man good enough in his way—a very small way in his estimation.—Good enough for S———, and small enough for a country town lawyer. He would have put on towards him a patronizing air, and tried to excite in his mind a nobler ambition than to move in our circumscribed sphere, if something in the young man's steady, penetrating, half-mysterious eye had not always held him back.

"I never can talk with that young associate of yours, uncle," he would say, now and then, to Judge Bigelow, "and I can't just make him out. Is he stupid or queer?"

The Judge would smile—or laugh quietly to himself—or perhaps answer in this wise:

"I think Henry understands himself. Still waters, you know, run deep."

One day in February, on the occasion of a periodical visit to S———, young Dewey called in at Judge Bigelow's office, and finding Wallingford alone, sat down and entered into as familiar a talk with him as was possible, considering how little they had in common. Ralph had a purpose in view, and as soon as he saw, or thought he saw, Wallingford's mind in the right mood, said:

"I am going to ask a particular favor, and you must not refuse."

"If I can serve you in anything, it will be my pleasure to do so," was the ready answer.

"You know that I am to be married next month."

"So I have heard," replied Wallingford.

"You will stand my groomsman? Don't say no!"

He had seen an instant negative in the young man's face.

"Almost anything else, but not that!" replied Henry, speaking with some feeling. He was thrown off his guard by so unexpected a request.

"Come now, my good friend, don't take the matter so much to heart!" said Dewey, in a light way. "Plenty of good fish in the sea yet—as good as ever were caught. You must forgive the girl for liking me the best."

"You jest on a grave subject," said Wallingford, his face growing pale, but his eyes, a little dilated, riveting his companions where he stood.

"No, I am in earnest," said Dewey, with something in his manner that was offensive.

"Jest or earnest, your familiarity is out of place with me," retorted Wallingford, with a sternness of manner that quickened the flow of bad blood in Dewey's heart.

"Oh, you needn't take on airs!" replied the other, with a sneer of contempt. Then muttering to himself, yet loud enough to be heard,—"I didn't suppose the puppy would growl at a familiar pat on the head."

This was too much for Wallingford. At another time, he might have borne it with a manly self-possession. But only an hour before he had met Miss Floyd in the street, and the look she then gave him had stirred his heart, and left a tinge of shadowy regret on his feelings. He was, therefore, in no mood to bear trifling, much less insult. Scarcely had the offensive words passed Dewey's lips, when a blow in the face staggered him back against the wall. Instantly recovering himself he sprung towards Wallingford in blind rage, and struck at him with a savage energy; but the latter stepped aside, and let his assailant come, with stunning force, against the wall at the other side of the office, when he fell to the floor.

At this instant, Judge Bigelow came in.

"Henry! Ralph!" he exclaimed—"what is the meaning of this?"

"Your nephew insulted me, and in the heat of anger I struck him in the face. In attempting to return that blow, he missed his aim, and fell against the wall, as you see."

Wallingford spoke without excitement, but in a stern, resolute way. By this time, Dewey was on his feet again. The sight of his uncle, and the unflinching aspect of the person he had ventured to insult, had the effect to cool off his excitement many degrees.

"What is the meaning of this, young men?" sternly repeated Judge Bigelow, looking from one to the other.

"I have answered your question as far as I am concerned," replied Henry.

"Ralph! Speak! Did you offer him an insult?"

To this demand, the nephew replied, with no abatement of his originally offensive manner—

"If he chooses to consider my words as an insult, let him do so. I shall in no case take them back."

"What did you say?"

There was an imperative force in the Judge's manner.

Dewey was silent.

"What did he say,"—Judge Bigelow turned to Wallingford, "that you should answer it with a blow?"

"If he is satisfied with the answer," replied the latter, "the case can rest where it is. If not, I am ready to meet him on any appeal. He will find me no trifler."

The Judge turned again to his nephew.

"Ralph! I insist upon having this matter explained. I know Henry too well to believe that he would strike you, unless there had been strong provocation."

"Perhaps he regarded it as such; I did not," said Dewey.

"If he is satisfied with his chastisement, there is no occasion to press him farther, Judge," Wallingford was provoked to this by the young man's cool impertinence.

Dewey made a movement as if about to rush upon Wallingford, but the Judge interposed his body to keep them apart. The appearance of a fourth party at this juncture, in the person of Squire Floyd, the prospective father-in-law of one of the belligerents, changed materially the aspect of affairs.

"Good-morning, Squire," said Wallingford, with a quickly assumed cheerfulness of manner, smiling in his usual grave way.

Both the Judge and his nephew saw reason to imitate the example of Wallingford, and thus throw up a blind before the eyes of Squire Floyd, who thought he perceived something wrong as he came in, but was afterwards inclined to doubt the evidence of his senses.

Wallingford retired in a few moments. When he came back to the office an hour afterwards, he found a note of apology on his table, accompanied by a request that so unpleasant an incident as the one which had just occurred, might be suffered to pass into oblivion. No acknowledgement of this communication was made by the young lawyer. He felt the strongest kind of repugnance towards Dewey, and could not gain his own consent to have any intercourse with him. His position, as an associate with Judge Bigelow, occasionally brought him in contact with the nephew, who recognized him always in a respectful manner. But Wallingford held him ever coldly at a distance. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1859.

TERMS, &c.

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REJECTED COMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

THE AMERICAN POLICY.

Few readers could help laughing at the wicked story coined probably by a Paris editor, who represented that Mr. Ward, the American Minister to China, had been carried to Pekin *in a box*,—marked "right side up with care," it is to be hoped.

Later news would lead us to believe, that the box was simply a sedan chair—a conveyance very frequently used in the East—and that Mr. Ward has been treated with all due consideration.

If a few polite words in the case of the American Minister, have been more effective than all the menaces of France and England, it would be nothing unusual in the history of this world. Men and Nations are always taking the most difficult means to attain their ends. Probably if France had offered Austria just one-half of what she has spent in the last war, Austria would have given up without compulsion all that the Treaty of Villa Franca promises as the result of force. Besides, there would have been no such quibbling then as to just what both parties meant, as there is now. Half of the treasure would have been saved, and all of the lives; and no bad feelings been left to rankle as the result of defeat.

If the allied nations of France and England have to go to war with China to secure their trade, the cost of the war probably will more than equal the profits of that trade for fifty years.

If the American Minister has been received, as now reported, and the object of his mission attained, we trust it will have a tendency to convince the courts of Europe, that in dealing with all half civilized and barbarous peoples, a smile will generally go farther than a frown. Especially in cases where favors are to be asked, which the uncivilized have a clear right to refuse, is the courteous policy the true one. A man must be a great barbarian not to know that he has a moral and political right to refuse to trade—and any attempt to force men to do that which they have a clear right to refuse to do, can hardly fail to make them at heart your enemies. As a proof, therefore, of the wisdom of the just and amicable course pursued by our Government in these Chinese difficulties, we welcome the recent news. And we trust it may have an effect to inaugurate justice and courtesy to the heathen and other weaker nations, as the true American, as well as the only Christian policy.

GLORY TO SCHILLER.—The Germans of this city contemplate a three days' festival to commemorate the 10th of November, the Centennial Anniversary of the birth of the gifted and heroic poet, Schiller. On the evening of the 9th, there will be a torchlight procession, a thing the Germans of all nations understand. When the procession reaches the Academy of Music the torches will be thrown in a heap and burnt (German fashion), after a festive song and appropriate oration. While the procession is moving along, one hundred cannon shots will be fired.

The chief festivities will take place on the evening of the 10th, in the Academy of Music. The Germania Orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Sentz, has been engaged for this occasion, and nine different associations of singers (Gesangvereine) and a number of solo singers will be present, the orchestra numbering forty performers, the entire chorus over two hundred singers. An oration in German, by Gustavus Remak, and one in English, by Rev. W. H. Furness, will also be given. The reading of a poem, written for the occasion by Ferdinand Freiligrath, is to be followed by the unveiling of the statue of Schiller.

On the third day, the 11th of November, the celebration will be concluded with the representation of one of Schiller's dramas, at the Stadt Theatre. The whole affair will manifest the veneration of all of German blood, for the genius and nobility of Schiller, and no doubt will be participated in by thousands from the adjoining country.

A SLANDER REFUTED.

It has been widely circulated among the literary circles of the United States, that the original from which Mr. Dickens drew his celebrated character of Harold Skimpole, was no less a person than the well-known English author, Leigh Hunt. This has been repeatedly denied, but being as often re-asserted, probably it is still the general belief. A late writer in "*Bentley's Miscellany*," however, gives an emphatic, and what would seem to be authoritative denial to this story in the following words:—

"It is generally thought that the character of Skimpole, in 'Bleak House,' was intended for the portrait of Leigh Hunt, and the world drew its inference accordingly—to the disadvantage of the supposed original; but *it is only an act of justice to Mr. Dickens to state that, when the calumny reached his ears, he immediately called upon his old friend to say how grieved he was that such an unfounded report should have got abroad, and expressed his anxiety to do anything that might be suggested to contradict, and, if possible, to neutralize it.* There is something truly shocking in the cruel injustice of representing this brave old man not only as a mere selfish Sybarite, but as one devoid altogether of honor and integrity. Look at the right side of the tapestry! Self-denying and hard-working—generous, though with scanty means—ever ready to sacrifice himself for the advantage of others, and with personal wants that were satisfied with the simplest expenditure, for sixty years his pen was never idle, he continued to write till within a few days of his death, and we have it from one who stood at his bedside when he died, that, not many weeks before the sad event, feeble and ill as he was, he actually wrote on one occasion for twenty hours out of the twenty-four. We know also how his latest hours were employed. As the last verses that Shelley ever wrote were a Welcome of his friend to Italy, so the last writings of Leigh Hunt, a few days before his death, were a defence of Shelley against the calumnious attack in a Life of the Poet by a pretended friend. It is a consolatory reflection to those who mourn the death of Leigh Hunt that he not only outlived most of the early enmities which his courage and love of truth provoked, but that those who had been his foes were, in many instance, converted into his warmest admirers."

It seems to us a pity that Mr. Dickens, instead of offering to contradict the report, had not at once contradicted it, over his own signature. An emphatic line or two from him would have arrested the calumny at once.—But the Lie in this case has gone, not only a thousand miles, but around the world, while Truth was putting on her boots.

NOT A TRUE BILL.—To the paragraph going the rounds of the papers, stating that a sister of Robert Fulton is an inmate of a poor-house in Monroe county, Pennsylvania, Mr. M. H. Decker, of Stroudsburg, replies as follows:—

There is a mistake in the printer somewhere. We have no "poor-house" in Monroe county, consequently we have no superintendent of such an institution. Our postmaster handed the letter to me, and requested me to answer it. I recollect reading the same intelligence in some paper a few days ago, and I think it was in Monroe county, *Virginia*—the printer may have taken "*Va.*" for "*Pa.*" There is no person by the name of FULTON in our county, *and I assure you that if there were (within the limits of our county) a sister to the immortal Fulton, she never would become an inmate of a poor-house! She would be taken into one of our best families, and treated as a sister.*

While we doubt a little the "best family" and "sister" part of the above, we cannot doubt that a sister of Robert Fulton—known to be such—would be properly cared for in any part of Pennsylvania; and we trust we may say the same for Virginia, for the fame of Robert Fulton belongs not alone to any State, but to the whole broad Union.

NOTES ON BOOKS.

A neat little volume gives us BABY MAY AND OTHER POEMS OF INFANTS, by the English poet, W. C. BENNETT. (Ticknor & Fields, Boston.) We have in past time published several of these exquisite baby-songs, in which all fathers and mothers find echoes of their own hearts' fondest fancies and feelings.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, for November, is out, with the names of Ticknor & Fields on its cover as the new publishers.

In the magazine way, ARTHUR'S LADIES' HOME MAGAZINE has indisputably good claims. The November number, now before us, has a steel engraving, a fine colored fashion plate, six or eight pages of needle-work patterns and drawings of ladies and childrens' dresses and decorations; besides tales, poems, essays, anecdotes; hints on health; receipts for housekeeping; directions for toilet work of various kinds, and other matter of interest and value to families. This, too, is a cheap magazine, as the advertisement of terms in another column will show.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED

ELEMENTS OF MILITARY ART AND SCIENCE. By H. WAGER HALLECK, A. M. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

GERMAINE. By EDMOND ABOUT. Translated from the French by MARY L. BOOTH. J. E. Tilton & Co., Boston.

EDITH THE BACKWOODS GIRL. A Story for Girls. By Mrs. L. C. TUTHILL. Charles Scribner, New York.

THE PALACE OF THE GREAT KING; or, The Power, Wisdom and Goodness of God Illustrated in the Multiplicity and Variety of His Works. By Rev. HOLLIS READ. C. Scribner, New York.

THE BOY'S OWN TOY-MAKER. By S. LANDELLS. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

THE OLD STONE MANSION. By CHARLES J. PETERSON. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Phila.

EVERYBODY'S LAWYER AND COUNSELLOR IN BUSINESS. By FRANK CROSBY. John E. Potter, Philadelphia.

SERMONS BY THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON. Sixth Series. Sheldon & Co., New York.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE. October. Leonard Scott & Co., New York.

THE HARPER'S FERRY TRAGEDY.

THE TRIAL—BROWN REFUSES TO SET UP THE PLEA OF INSANITY—MORE LETTERS—THE TESTIMONY—WITHDRAWAL OF HIS COUNSEL, &c.

The preliminary examination of the prisoners on the 25th, resulted in their being held for trial. The prisoners were conducted from the jail under a guard of eighty armed men. A guard was also stationed around the Court House, and bayonets are bristling on all sides. The prosecution is conducted by Charles B. Harding, Esq., Attorney for the County, assisted by Andrew Hunter, Esq.

The Court inquired if the prisoners had counsel, when Brown addressed the Court as follows:

Virginians: I did not ask for any quarter at the time I was taken. I did not ask to have my life spared. The Governor of the State of Virginia tendered me his assurance that I should have a fair trial, and under no circumstances whatever will I be able to attend to a trial. If you seek my blood, you can have it at any moment, without the mockery of a trial. I have had no counsel. I have not been able to advise with any one. I know nothing about the feelings of my fellow prisoners, and I am utterly unable to attend in any way to my own defence. My memory doesn't serve me. My health is insufficient, although improving.—There are mitigating circumstances, if a fair trial is to be allowed us, that I would urge in our favor, but if we are to be forced, with the mere form of a trial, to execution, you might spare yourselves that trouble. I am ready for my fate. I do not ask a trial. I beg for no mockery of a trial—no insult; nothing but that which conscience gives or cowardice would drive you to practice. I ask to be excused from the mockery of a trial. I do not know what the design of this examination is. I do not know what is to be the benefit of it to the Commonwealth. I have now little to ask other than that I be not foolishly insulted, as the cowardly and barbarous insult those who fall into their power.

The Court assigned Charles J. Faulkner and Lawson Botts as counsel for the prisoners.

After considerable discussion, in which the prisoners were assured they were to have a fair trial, they consented to accept the above counsel. Brown's object in refusing counsel was, that if he had counsel, he would not be allowed to speak himself, and Southern counsel would not be willing to express his views. He finally accepted the counsel, however.

THE TRIAL.—Charlestown, Oct. 26.—The Circuit Court met at 10 o'clock this morning, Judge Parker on the bench.

The Grand Jury was called, and after answering to their names retired to resume the examination of the witnesses, when the Court took a recess while awaiting the return of the Grand Jury.

Mr. Johnson, U. S. Marshal from Cleveland, Ohio, arrived this morning, and on visiting the prisoners, identified Copeland as a fugitive of justice from Ohio. His object is supposed to be to ferret out testimony implicating other parties.

The excitement here continues unabated, and the town is crowded with people from the surrounding country. The event is universally regarded as proving the faithfulness of the slaves, and no fears are entertained of them, but the military guard is kept up from the fear of an attempted rescue of the prisoners. Much consternation is created among the slaves by a fear of being seized like those of Col. Washington, and they firmly believe that the object of the prisoners was to carry them to the South and sell them. Not a single slave has as yet been implicated as even sympathizing with the insurrectionists. Those carried off were all recaptured and returned to their masters.

An armed guard is still patrolling around the jail, and cannon are posted in front.

Capt. Brown has consented to allow Messrs. Faulkner and Botts to act as his counsel, they assuring him that they will defend him faithfully, and give him the advantage of every privilege that the law will allow.

Stevens declares that he does not desire to be defended by Northern counsel, preferring Southern, and that the Court should name them.

There is a decided sympathy for Stevens, not only on account of his sufferings, but because he has shown none of that vindictiveness and hardihood that characterizes Brown, and his course is regarded as having resulted from folly. The examination yesterday indicated that other prisoners have lost their confidence in Brown, and are not disposed to follow him in his defiant course.

At noon the Court reassembled, and the Grand Jury reported a true bill against the prisoners, and were discharged.

Charles B. Harding, Esq., assisted by Andrew Hunter, Esq., represents the Commonwealth, and Charles J. Faulkner and Lawson Botts, Esqs., appeared as counsel for the prisoners.

A true bill found against each prisoner was read. They contain three counts: First, for conspiring with negroes to produce an insurrection; second, for treason to the Commonwealth: and third, for murder.

The prisoners were brought into Court accompanied by a body of armed men. They passed through the street and entered the Court House without the slightest demonstration on the part of the people.

Brown looked better, his eyes being not so much swollen. Stevens had to be supported, and reclined on a mattress on the floor of the Court-room, evidently unable to sit. He has the appearance almost of a dying man, breathing with difficulty and panting for breath.

Before reading the arraignment, Mr. Hunter called the attention of the Court to the necessity of appointing additional counsel for the prisoners. Mr. Faulkner, appointed by the County Court, considering his duty as having ended, had left here. The prisoners had therefore no other counsel in Court than Mr. Botts. If the Court was about to assign them other counsel, it might be proper to do so now.

The Court stated that it would assign them any members of the bar they might select. After consulting Brown, Mr. Botts said that the prisoner retained him, and desired to have Mr. Green to assist him. Request granted.

Brown rose and requested to have a delay of a few days, in consequence of his weakness, defect of hearing, &c., originating from his wounds. After a discussion, in which the request was ably seconded by Brown's lawyer, and as ably opposed by the prosecution, the Judge refused to delay the trial.

The whole afternoon was taken up in obtaining a jury. The Court excluded those who were present at Harper's Ferry, and also those who had formed or expressed any opinion that would prevent them deciding the case impartially. Twenty-four, mostly farmers from a distance, some owning a few slaves, were selected as competent jurors. Out of these, the counsel for the prisoner struck off eight, and then twelve were selected, by ballot, from the

remaining sixteen, as follows:—Richard Timberlake, Joseph Myers, Thomas Watson, Jr., Isaac Dast, John C. McClure, William Rightstine, Jacob J. Miller, Thomas Osborne, George W. Boyer, John C. Wiltshire, Geo. W. Tapp, and William A. Martin.

The jury were not sworn on the case, but the Judge charged them not to converse upon the case, nor to permit others to converse with them.

CHARLESTOWN, Oct. 27.—Brown was brought into Court this morning, being able to walk; but he immediately laid himself down on his cot, at full length, within the bar. He looks considerably better, the swelling having left his eyes.

Senator Mason is among the spectators.

Mr. Botts read the following dispatch received this morning:

"AKRON, O., Oct. 26th, 1859.

"To F. J. FAULKNER AND LAWSON BOTTS, CHARLESTOWN, VA.—John Brown, leader of the insurrection at Harper's Ferry, and several of his family, have resided in this county for many years. Insanity is hereditary in that family. His mother's sister died with it, and a daughter of that sister has been two years in the Lunatic Asylum. A son and daughter of his mother's brother have also been confined in the Lunatic Asylum, and another son of that brother is now insane and under close restraint. These facts can be conclusively proven by witnesses residing here, who will doubtless attend the trial, if desired.

(Signed) "A. H. LEWIS."

The telegraph operator at the Akron office, William C. Allen, adds to the above dispatch, that A. H. Lewis is a resident of that place, and his statements are entitled to implicit credit.

Mr. Botts said, that on receiving the above dispatch he went to the jail with his associate, Mr. Green, and read it to Brown, and he was desired by the latter to say that in his father's family there has never been any insanity at all. On his mother's side there have been repeated instances of it. He adds that his first wife showed symptoms of it, which was also evident in his first and second sons by that wife. Some portions of the statements in the dispatch he knew to be correct—of other portions he is ignorant.

Brown also desired his counsel to say that he did not put in any plea of insanity, and if he has ever been at all insane, he is totally unconscious of it. Yet he adds that those who are most insane generally, suppose that they have more reason and sanity than those around them. For himself, he disdains to put in that plea, and seeks no immunity of that kind.—This movement is made totally without his approbation or consurrence, and was unknown to him until the receipt of the above dispatch.

Brown here raised himself up in his bed, and said—I will add, if the Court will allow me, that I look upon it as a miserable artifice and pretext of those who ought to take a different course in regard to me, if they took any at all; and I view it with contempt more than otherwise, as I remarked to Mr. Green. Insane persons, so far as my experience goes, have but very little ability to judge of their own sanity, and if I am insane, of course I should think I know more than all the rest of the world; but I do not think so. I am perfectly unconscious of insanity, and I regret, so far as I am capable, any attempt to interfere in my behalf on that score.

The motion was again renewed for delay, to allow Brown's counsel from Ohio, whom he preferred, to have time to reach Charlestown.

After long discussion, in which all the counsel took part, the Court refused the motion.

The trial then proceeded. The Court directed that the prisoner might forego the form of standing while being arraigned, if he desired it, and he continued to lie prostrate in his cot, while the long indictment, filling seven pages, was being read. He is charged first, with insurrection; secondly, with treason; and thirdly, with murder.

SPEECH OF THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY, &c.

Mr. Harding addressed the jury. He presented the facts of the case, detailing the scenes at the armory; the killing of the bridge-keeper and the subsequent killing of the citizens named in the indictment; the seizure of Lewis Washington and Mr. Allstadt, with their slaves; the formation of a new government within the limits of the Commonwealth; the holding of citizens as prisoners of war, and the subsequent capture of the insurgents. He read the law of treason, which provides that levying war against the State, giving comforts to its enemies, or establishing any other government within its limits, are punishable with death. The law against advising with a slave to produce an insurrection punishes the offence with death. The murder of citizens is a capital offence.

Either of the charges of the indictment, if proven, is thus punishable with death. All these charges would be distinctly proven beyond the possibility of doubt on the minds of the jury.

The Commonwealth would show that the prisoner's whole object was to rob our citizens of their slaves and carry them off by violence, and, he was happy to say, against the will of the slaves—all of them having escaped and rushed back to their masters on the first opportunity. He concluded by urging the jury to cast aside all prejudice: to give the prisoners a fair, impartial trial; not to allow their hatred of abolitionism to influence them against those who have raised the black flag on the soil of this Commonwealth.

Mr. Green, on the part of the prisoner, gave the law applicable to the case. He reminded the jury that they are the judges of the law and fact of the guilt of this prisoner, and are to give the prisoner the benefit of that doubt. The first charge of treason—as a specific act of treason—must be proven. It must be proven that he attempted to establish a separate and distinct government, and it must also be proven what was the purpose of the treasonable acts, before you can convict him on these charges. If it is intended to rely on his confessions to prove treason, the law which distinctly says no convictions can be made on confessions unless made in open Court, renders this impossible. There must be sufficient evidence to prove the charge, independent of any confessions out of Court, and it requires two distinct witnesses to prove each and any act of treason. In regard to the second charge of conspiring with the slaves to rebel and make an insurrection, the jury must be satisfied that such a conspiracy was done within the State of Virginia, and within the jurisdiction of this Court. If it was done in Maryland, this Court could not punish the act. If done within the limits of the armory at Harper's Ferry, it was not done within the jurisdiction of this State—the Government of the United States holding jurisdiction exclusively within the said grounds.

Attorney-General Cushing had decided this point with regard to the armory grounds at Harper's Ferry; which opinion was read to the jury, showing that persons residing within the limits of the armory cannot even be taxed by Virginia, and that crimes committed within the said limits are punishable by the Federal Courts. Although the jury may have a doubt about the law in this respect, they must give the prisoner the benefit of that doubt. Upon the last count, that of murder, if the crime was committed within the limits of the armory, this Court has no jurisdiction, and, as in the case of Beckham, it was committed on the railroad bridge, it was committed within the State of Maryland, which State claims jurisdiction up to the armory grounds. Although he may be guilty of murder, it must be proven that it was willful, deliberate and premeditated murder to make it a capital offence. If otherwise, the killing was murder in the second degree, punishable by imprisonment. If there is any doubt on these points, you must give that doubt to the prisoner. He was satisfied that the jury will not allow any outside excitement to affect them, that they will do their duty faithfully and impartially.

Mr. Botts ably seconded his colleague, Mr. Green, and Mr. Hunter followed in support of the prosecution. He argued that the State Law against treason was much fuller than the United States law. The prisoner had attempted to break down the existing government of the Commonwealth, and establish on the ruins a new Government. He had usurped the office of Commander-in-Chief of this new Government, and, together with his whole band, professed allegiance and fidelity to it. He represented not only the civil authorities of the State, but our own military. He is doubly, trebly and quadruply guilty of treason.

Mr. Hunter proceeded to the question of jurisdiction over the armory grounds, and examined the authority, cited on the other side, of Attorney General Cushing. The latter was an able man, but came from a region of the country where the opinions are very different from ours in relation to the powers of the Federal Government, as affecting State Rights.—Our Courts has decided adversely to Mr. Cushing's views. For all time past, the jurisdiction of this Court of Jefferson county, in regard to criminal offences committed at Harper's Ferry, has been uninterrupted and unchallenged, and whether they were committed on the Government property or not. He cited an instance, which occurred twenty-nine years ago, where an atrocious murder was committed between the very shops in front of which these men fought their battle, and the criminal was tried here, convicted and executed under our laws. There was a broad distinction between the cessation of jurisdiction by Virginia to the Federal Government and the mere assent of States that the Federal Government should become a land spoiler within its limits. The law of Virginia, by virtue of which the grounds at Harper's Ferry were purchased by the Federal Government, ceded no jurisdiction.

Brown was also guilty, on his own valorous confession, of advising the conspiracy. In regard to the charge of murder, the proof will be that this man was not only actually engaged in murdering our citizens, but that he was the chief director of the whole movement. No matter whether he was present on the spot or a mile off, he is equally guilty.

In conclusion, Mr. Hunter said he hoped the case would be considered with fairness and impartiality, without fear, favor or affection, and he only asked that the penalty might be visited on the prisoner, which our safety requires, and which the laws of God and man approved.

Dr. Terry, Canductor Phelps, and Colonel Washington then were examined as witnesses. We need not occupy space with their testimony in full, as it simply substantiates the accounts previously given, as to the breaking out of the affair, the stoppage of the train, &c. We give a few points, however.

Conductor Phelps gave the following parts of a conversation between Brown and Governor Wise after the capture of Brown:

In reply to a question of Gov. Wise, he said he was Commander-in-Chief of the forces under the Provisional Government, and that he then held that position; he said the Constitution was adopted in a place called Chatham, in Canada; Brown said there was a Secretary of War, a Secretary of State, a Judge of the Supreme Court, and all the other officers for a general government; he said there was a House of Representatives, and that there was an intelligent colored man elected as one of the members of the House (sensation.) Governor Wise asked Brown if he had taken the oath of allegiance provided for in the 48th article; he replied that he had; Gov. W. asked if all the white men of his band had taken the oath; he replied that they had; that he had appointed and commissioned officers; that Stevens, Leeman, and one of his (Brown's) sons were captains, and Coppoe was lieutenant; he said something about a battle in Kansas, and having one of his sons shot; I think he said Cook held a captain's commission; Governor Wise asked Brown if he had been betrayed to the Secretary of War; he said he thought he had been betrayed, but had practised a ruse to prevent suspicion; Governor Wise asked him what that ruse was, but he refused to answer; he said he knew exactly the position he had placed himself in; if his life was forfeited, he was ready to suffer.

Cross-examined by Mr. Green.—In conversation Brown said that it was not his intention to harm any body or anything; he was sorry men had been killed; it was not by his orders or his approbation, and would not have occurred again, provided the people were peaceable and quiet.

Colonel Lewis W. Washington detailed the occurrences at his residence and the armory, as before published.

Cross-examined by Mr. Green.—Cannot say whether the marines fired after their break into the engine-house; the noise was great and several voices shouted from the inside, that "We surrender;" the prisoners were kept in the rear of the engine-house, and allowed to seek a safe position; no effort was made to endanger us; Brown's conduct was not rude or insulting towards us.

By Mr. Hunter.—I was present at the conversation with Gov. Wise, on Tuesday; Gov. Wise asked Brown if he had not selected Harper's Ferry as a border place between Maryland and Virginia, for the establishment of his "Provisional Government;" he said certainly; he averred his object was to free the Southern slaves; said his party consisted of twenty-two, nineteen of whom came over with them; said he had two hundred Sharp's rifles, two hundred revolvers, and the witness does not remember how many spears.

By Mr. Botts.—At the time of the attack on the engine-house, the prisoners remained in the rear, at the suggestion of Brown and his party; heard Brown direct his party not to fire on any unarmed man; he gave that order more than once.

By Mr. Hunter.—Cook said that Brown had been studying this subject for twenty or thirty years; had reconnoitred Harper's Ferry repeatedly.

By Mr. Botts.—The prisoners were allowed to go out and assure their families of their safety; some went out several times; there were numerous shots toward the tank where Beckham was killed; Cook assured the witness that he should be treated well, and his property should not be destroyed.

By Mr. Hunter.—While a prisoner in the engine-house I overheard a conversation between Stevens and another party not known to the witness about slave-holding; Stevens asked the man if he was in favor of slavery; he said yes, although not a slaveholder; Stevens said you are the first man I would hang.

By Mr. Harding.—One of the three negroes taken with the witness was kept in the armory yard; another escaped and went home; heard no conversation in particular between the party and the negroes who were taken; all the negroes were armed with spears while in the armory yard; they walked about the armory grounds, and one came in and warmed himself; no negroes from this neighborhood appeared to take up arms voluntarily; saw no wounded men dragged into the engine-house.

At 7 o'clock, P. M., the court adjourned. Orders have been given to the jailers to shoot all the prisoners, if any attempt is made to rescue them.

CHARLESTOWN, Va., Oct. 28.—Cook was brought here at one o'clock this morning. He says that if Brown had taken his advice in relation to mounting the men, a force one thousand strong could not have taken them. He says that Fred. Douglass acted the coward, as he promised to be there in person. There is great rejoicing here at the arrest of Cook.

A. P. Willard, Governor of Indiana, and brother-in-law of Capt. Cook, accompanied by J. K. McDonald, Attorney-General of Indiana, and D. W. Voorhees and M. M. Randolph, have arrived here and spent the morning with Cook.

George H. Hoyt, Esq., of Boston, arrived this morning, to act as counsel for Brown. He is quite a young man.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE COURT.

The Court met at 11 o'clock. Brown was led over from the jail, walking very feebly and laid down on the cot. Senator Mason entered the Court with Mr. Hoyt, the counsel from Boston. Senator Mason remarked that the testimony given by Col. Washington and Conductor Phelps was very correct. The jury was then called, and Mr. Botts announced the arrival of Mr. Hoyt, who had come to assist the counsel for Brown. At present, however, he did not feel disposed to take a part in the case. Whenever he should feel disposed he would do so.

The following points in the evidence are interesting.

Col. Washington recalled, said after the first attack on the engine house by the marines, there was not a general cry of surrender; one cried, "I surrender," but the others fought on; Brown had his rifle in his hand when he was struck down by the marines and cut over the head with a sword by Lieut. Green.

Mr. Hunter laid before the jury the printed Constitution and Ordinance of the Provisional Government, reading the two first clauses of the preamble, the 7th, 45th and 48th Articles, and briefly summing up the other portions of the Constitution.

Sheriff Campbell knows the handwriting of the prisoner; has copied a letter for him.

Brown (the prisoner) said he would identify himself any of his handwriting, and save all that trouble. He was ready to face the music.

Mr. Hunter said he would prefer to prove them by Mr. Campbell.

Brown—Either way, as you please.

A large bundle of letters was produced, each of which was identified by Mr. Campbell.

They were then handed to Brown, who, at the first glance, replied to each, in a loud voice, "That is mine." These letters and papers were about fifty in number. Mr. Hunter read the list of members of the Convention. It was headed:

WILLIAM CHARLES MORRIS,
President of the Convention.

H. KAGI, Secretary of the Convention.

On handing the list to Brown, he exclaimed, with a groan, "That's my signature."

In reference to another paper, he said, "I have nothing to say about that."

The letter from J. R. Giddings, acknowledging the receipt of a letter from Brown, and saying that he would be pleased to see him at his house during the summer, was read.

Mr. Hunter then read the letter from Gerrit Smith, about the Kansas work, as already published.

Mr. Botts insisted on the right of examining the letters before they were read.

Amistead Ball, Master Machinist of the Armory, testified to about the same effect as the other witnesses. With regard to the killing of Beckham, the witness said one of Brown's party had fired in that direction several times; he remonstrated with him when in the act of levelling his rifle at an old man named Griess, telling him he was not a combatant, and he desisted. Afterwards witness heard the same man say, "he had dropped him;" when he heard that Beckham was dead, the man who fired asked who he was; we told him he was an old and respectable citizen, Mayor of the town; and the man who fired expressed himself very sorry. This man was afterwards killed at the charge of the marines; Capt. Brown made active preparations for resisting the marines; he was always in arms, but witness does not think he saw him fire. There were three or four slaves in the engine house; they had spears, but all seemed badly scared. Col. Washington's man Phil was ordered by Brown to cut a port-hole through the brick wall. He continued until the brisk fire commenced outside, when he said, "This is getting too hot for Phil," and he squatted; Brown then took up the tools and finished the hole.

John Allstadt, another of those kept prisoners by Brown, testified that the negroes were placed in the watch-house with spears in their hands, but showed no disposition to use them; witness was afterwards transferred to the engine-house; several negroes there; saw "Phil" making port-holes by Brown's orders; the other negroes were doing nothing, and had dropped their spears. Some of them were asleep nearly all the time (laughter); when the marines made the assault, Brown's party took a position behind the engine-house, and aimed at the door; Brown was in front, squatting; he aimed at the marines, and my opinion is that he killed the marine.

By Mr. Green—I did not see any others shoot; cannot state certainly by what shot the marine was killed; he might have been killed by the shots fired before the door was broken open; I was much confused and excited at the time; I heard regrets expressed at Mr. Beckham being killed.

Alexander Kelly was sworn, and described the manner of Thomas Burley's being killed on Monday. Brown's party fired at the witness, and he returned the fire; Burley was with the witness, and was arrested with a gun; I saw him shoot after he was himself shot; he lived about two hours; the shot came from the direction of Shenandoah street.

After taking the evidence of Henry Hunter, Col. Gibson, and B. T. Bell, and Lewis Starry, principally important as proving the killing of Mr. Beckham and Mr. Turner, the prosecution rested.

THE DEFENCE.

The object of the defence seemed to be to prove that all the shooting done by Brown's party was in self-defence—and that Brown's men who went out under a flag of truce, to make terms, were shot.

J. A. Bowker, one of the party imprisoned by Brown testified that Cross went out with a flag of truce. Another went out and came back wounded. Stevens and Kitzmiller went out. Stevens was shot after it commenced raining very hard. Cross was sent out to confer with Beckham and others. A guard went with him, who were fired on; after that Stevens wanted to shoot, but Kitzmiller appealed to him, and they went out together to stop the firing. When they did not return Brown seemed to show temper, and there was a change in the arrangements. After that Brown said he had it in his power to destroy that place in half an hour, but he would not do it unless resisted. Think a shot from the water-tank struck Coppes. He then returned the fire, and some one said, "That man's down." The special object of the witness going out was to stop the firing from the tank, which was annoying to those in the guard-house.

A. M. Kitzmiller, another of Brown's prisoner's testified as follows:—I made repeated endeavors to arrange matters with Brown. He said his object was to free the slaves from bondage, and, if necessary, to fight the pro-slavery men for that purpose. I was first surprised, then indignant, and finally disgusted with Brown. He said to me there was a company of riflemen on the bridge, get them to go in company with Stevens. Hunter told them I was sorry they did not leave their guns. Stevens remarked, that would not do. I had no flag, and did not consider myself the bearer of a flag of truce, as I was desired. As to the rifle company on the bridge, I saw they were our own men. I carried my handkerchief, and told Stevens and the other men to remain. I soon heard firing very close. Stevens fired in reply to a shot which struck him from the house side of the Winchester Railroad. Stevens swore; and the other man returned the fire. I think it was Brown's son. Stevens was shot before he fired back. Thompson, one of Brown's men, was a prisoner on the bridge.

Mr. Green stated to the Court that he desired to bring out the testimony relative to shooting Thompson, one of the insurgents, on the bridge, but the State objected to it, unless Brown had a knowledge of that shooting.—The Court allowed the testimony, however.

—— Hunter (a witness) was then called, and testified:—After Mr. Beckham, who was my grand-uncle, was shot, I was much exasperated, and started with Mr. Chambers to the room where Thompson was confined, for the purpose of shooting him. We found several in the room, and had levelled our guns at him, when Mr. Foulkes' sister threw herself before him, and begged us to leave him to the laws. We then caught hold of him and dragged him out by the throat, he saying, though you may take my life, eighty thousand millions will rise up to avenge me and carry out my purpose of giving liberty to the slaves. We carried him out to the bridge, and two of us levelling our guns in this moment of wild exasperation, fired, and before he fell a dozen more balls were buried in him. We then threw his body off the trossel work and returned to bring out the prisoner Stevens, and serve him in the same way. We found him suffering from his wounds and probably dying, and concluded to spare him and to start after others and shoot all we could find. I had just seen my loved uncle and the best friend I ever had shot down by these villainous Abolitionists, and felt justified in shooting any that I could find. I felt it my duty and have no regrets.

Reason Cross, sworn.—I prepared the proposition that Brown should retain possession of the Armory—that he should release us, and that the firing should stop.

Brown—Were there two written propositions drawn up while you were a prisoner?

Mr. Cross—Yes; there was another paper, prepared by Kitzmiller and some others. I went out to stop the firing. A man went with me, and they took him prisoner and tied him. This was Thompson who was afterwards taken out and shot. Brown's treatment of me was kind and respectful. I heard him talk roughly to some men who were going into where the blacks were confined.

Several witnesses for the prisoner were here called, and did not answer. Their subpœnas had not been returned.

ANOTHER SPEECH BY THE PRISONER.

Brown here arose from his mattrass and (evidently excited,) standing on his feet, addressed the Court as follows:

May it Please the Court—I discover that notwithstanding all the assertions that I have received of a fair trial, nothing like a fair trial is to be given me, as it would seem. I gave the names, as soon as I could get at them, of the persons I wished to have called as witnesses, and was assured that they should be subpœnaed. I wrote down a memorandum to that effect, saying where these parties were. But it appears that they have not been subpœnaed, so far as I can learn, and now I ask, (if I am to have anything at all deserving the name and shadow of a fair trial,) that this proceeding be deferred until to-morrow morning, for I have no counsel, as I have before stated, in whom I feel that I can rely. But I am in hopes that counsel may arrive who will attend to seeing that I get the witnesses, who are necessary for my defence. I am myself unable to attend to it. I have given all the attention I possibly could to it, but am unable to see or know about them, and can't even find out their names, and I have nobody to do any errand, for my money was all taken from me when I was sacked and stabbed, and I have not a dime. I had two hundred and fifty or sixty dollars in gold and silver taken from my pocket, and now I have no possible means of getting anybody to go my errands for me, and they have not been done, nor have all the witnesses been subpœnaed; they are not within reach and are not here; I ask at least until to-morrow morning, to have something done, if anything is designed; if not, I am ready for anything that may come up.

Brown then lay down again, drew his blanket over him, and closed his eyes, and appeared to sink into tranquil slumber.

Mr. Hoyt, of Boston, who had been sitting quietly all day at the side of Mr. Botts, arose amid great sensation, and seconded the appeal for delay. He said that he himself had not time even to read the indictment through, or to examine the Virginia code—and that Judge Tilden would undoubtedly arrive that night. He therefore asked a continuance till the next morning.

Sheriff Campbell stated that the subpœnas were placed in the hands of an officer, with the request to serve them at once. He must have served them, as some of the witnesses are here. The subpœnas that have not been returned may have been sent by private hands, and failed to arrive.

Mr. Green arose to state that Mr. Botts and himself would now both withdraw from the case, and could aid no longer in behalf of the prisoner, he having got up and declared that he had no confidence in the counsel who have been assigned him. Feeling conscious that I have done my whole duty, so far as I have been able, after this statement of his, I should feel myself an intruder upon this case were I to act for him from this time forward. I had not the disposition to undertake the defence, but accepted the duty imposed on me, and I do not think, under these circumstances, when I feel compelled to withdraw from the case, that the Court could insist that I should remain in such an unwelcome position.

Mr. Botts made a similar statement, adding, There is now here a gentleman from Boston, who has come to volunteer his services for the prisoner. I suggest to the Court to allow him this night for preparation—my notes, my office and my services shall be at his command. I will sit up with him all night to put him in possession of all the law and facts in relation to this case. I cannot do more, and in the meantime the Sheriff can be directed to have the other witnesses here to-morrow morning.

The Court would not compel the gentleman to remain on the case, and accordingly granted his request.

The proceedings at this point were postponed, and the Court adjourned at six o'clock.

Great excitement prevailed in the town, and the guard was increased, the conduct of Brown being regarded as a trick.

CHARLESTOWN, Oct. 29.—The Court met at 10 o'clock this morning.

The Judge announced that he had received a note from the new counsel for the prisoner, requesting a delay of a few minutes, to enable him to have a brief interview with the prisoner. He would accordingly wait a short time. Soon after, Brown was brought in, and took his usual recumbent position in bed. Samuel Chilton, of Washington city, appeared as additional counsel for the prisoners, and was qualified. Henry Griswold, of Cleveland, Ohio, was also qualified as counsel for the prisoner. Chilton has been engaged by parties in Boston—he is a Virginian, and a pro-slavery man.—They said they would do the best they could under the circumstances, though they had not time, of course, to fully examine the case.—They asked *for* a delay of a few hours. The Court decided that the trial must go on; no more delays could be granted. The trial then proceeded.

Mr. Hoyt, for the prisoner, objected to receiving as evidence the letter of Gerrit Smith, heretofore published; also, the autobiography of Brown, written by himself. Both were withdrawn.

Several witnesses were then examined by Mr. Hoyt, and cross-questioned by the prisoner, while lying on his bed, wrapped up in a blanket. The testimony was mainly relating to Brown's kind treatment of his prisoners.

Several witnesses for the prisoner were examined, all proving that Brown had treated his prisoners with humanity, and frequently expressed his regret that bloodshed should have been caused by him in self-defence.

The defence closed their testimony about four o'clock, and the State desired to give the case to the jury without argument. Captain Brown insisted that his counsel should argue the case. After the opening speech for the State, the Court adjourned till Monday morning, when the counsel for the prisoner will proceed.

CHARLESTOWN, Oct. 30.—At four o'clock this evening, the United States Guards, of Frederick, under command of Captain Sinn, reached here from Harper's Ferry, and requested to see the prisoners. They were admitted by authority of Judge Parker, going in by squads.—They first visited the cell of Brown and Stevens. Brown was in good spirits. He rose from his couch, and took the visitors by the hand, remarking, "Gentlemen, I am glad to see you." In reply to questions, he said he was still suffering some pain about the left kidney. He said he was treated with all humanity, and bore testimony to the efficiency of the volunteer soldiers, thanking Capt. Sinn for the manly and truthful manner in which he had testified here. He said he would always recollect him for his many noble traits of character. During the conversation, Brown occasionally played with the little children of the jailor, who were present. Brown remarked that he had fought on the frontiers in the war of 1812, and during his long life had endured many hardships, and knew how to bear them. Stevens was suffering much, but still is getting better. He shook hands with all the company. Coppoe said he was prepared to bear his fate like a man. He told Capt. Sinn that he should want him to testify on his trial, which Capt. S. promised to do. They all stated that they were well treated.

Cook's cell was not entered. He has been all day busily writing, and is understood to be preparing a full confession, by the advice of Gov. Willard, his brother-in-law, in the hope of pardon.

During the visit the jail was surrounded by a large crowd. Good order prevailed.

Mr. Hoyt, the prisoners' counsel, was quite ill last night, but is much better to-day.

ADDITIONAL MATTERS.

DISCLOSURES BY ONE OF THE INSURGENTS.—CHARLESTOWN, Oct. 27.—John Copeland, the mulatto prisoner, from Oberlin, Ohio, has made a full confession to the United States marshals, Mr. Martin of Virginia, and Mr. Johnson of the Northern district of Ohio. He has given the names of the parties at Oberlin, who induced him to go to Harper's Ferry, who furnished the money for his expenses, &c. He also states that a movement of a similar character was contemplated in Kentucky about the same time. Many persons in Northern Ohio, whose names have not heretofore been mentioned, are directly implicated. His confession is withheld from the public until the trial is over, by order of Governor Wise. Mr. Johnson was shown to-day, a large number of letters, implicating Gerrit Smith and a number of prominent men of Oberlin, Cleveland, and other points of Ohio.

Among the letters is one signed Horace Greeley & Co., that had enclosed $41, for seven letters from Kansas, and two from Ohio. It was directed to J. H. Kagi, one of the killed; but as he had been a correspondent of the Tribune, this letter had evidently enclosed his pay. Another letter from Captain Brown to one of his sons, dated April 16, 1859, details a visit to Gerrit Smith at Peterboro', which the writer regarded as highly encouraging; that Smith gave $180, and that he also received at his house a note that he considered good for $200 more. Also, that Smith had written to his friends at the East, that $2,000 must be raised for Brown, of which he would agree to furnish one-fifth himself. There is also a notice of a draft, from the cashier of the New York State Bank, sent him by direction of Gerrit Smith, dated Albany, August 29, 1859. Marshal Johnson also has a list of the officers of the Provisional Government, and a list of contributors to the project.

Marshal Johnson left for Cleveland last night, taking copies with him. The examination made by Marshal Johnson settles the fact that this movement had long been maturing; that many prominent men in the Northern States have given money and influence in its behalf, and when the facts are made public a sensation may be expected.

DENIAL FROM HORACE GREELEY & CO.—The Tribune says:—"We have not the faintest recollection of ever writing a word to old Brown on any subject whatever; but it is just possible that, some time in 1856, when he was travelling somewhere at the East we wrote him word that there was a letter or letters awaiting him at this office, having been sent here in ignorance of his whereabouts. That is quite as near as we ever came to having any confidential correspondence with him; and we supposed him to have been, and still to be, living in Canada, when we heard of him as rampant at Harper's Ferry."

GERRIT SMITH AND BROWN.—The Syracuse Journal learns from a gentleman who has conversed with Gerrit Smith in regard to the trouble at Harper's Ferry that he was in no way identified with or privy to Brown's scheme. His explanation of the matter is this:

Two years ago Mr. Smith, in order to help the Free State movement in Kansas, gave Brown a note of about $300, against a man then in Kansas. Brown could not collect the note, so he returned it to Mr. Smith, who agreed to give him, at some future time, cash to the amount of the note. After that he lost sight of Brown until the first of June last, when he received a letter requesting him to send a draft for a certain amount, $100 we think, payable to the order of another party.

Mr. Smith, in compliance with the request and his former promise, promptly forwarded the draft, supposing it was a bona fide firm to whom it was addressed.

He probably believed also, that the money was to be used, at least indirectly, in assisting fugitive slaves, as that was the last "Kansas work" that he knew anything about. Mr. Smith says distinctly that he had no knowledge or the least suspicion that Brown was engaged in planning an insurrection.

THE TRIAL.—There is an evident intention to hurry the trial through and execute the prisoners as soon as possible, for fear of attempts being made to rescue them. In cases of servile insurrections thirty days is not required between the conviction and execution, as in other capital convictions.

The reason given for hurrying the trial is that the people of the whole country are kept in a state of excitement, and a large armed force is required to prevent attempts at rescue. After conviction, but a few days will be given them before their execution. It is thought that all but Brown will make a full confession.

ONE OF THE LETTERS.—The "John Smith," signed to the following, is supposed to be a son of Brown. The J. R. G. is supposed to mean J. R. Giddings—of course it may allude to some other J. R. G.

WEST ANDOVER, Ashtabula Co., (O.)
Saturday Oct. 1, 1859.

Friend Henrie: Since I received Isaac's and yours of September 20th, I have been making every effort to raise stock, and am succeeding well. Yesterday I sent draft of $15 to J. M. B. of Chatham, with which to get on another hand. Shall soon have enough to send again. Yesterday I returned from a trip to Jefferson and Ashtabula, where I met with some success. Our old friend, J. R. G., took stock to the amount of $3, and, as he was just starting for Ravenna, he would form an association there. Monday next I shall start for Cleveland. Hope to find a letter from you at Mrs. Sturtevant's. You may depend upon it, I *have been, and am yet,* "*straining every nerve,*" *in furtherance of our cause.* [Ciphers.] is here and actively working in behalf of the mining operations.

You will have me with you just as soon as I am satisfied that I can DO MORE and be OF MORE USE THERE than WHERE I AM. Nothing new of special interest. All well.

(In haste) Yours, JOHN SMITH.

The $3 in the above is put in some of the papers $300. We have not "The Constitution" at hand, to see how it gives it. We copy from "*The Pennsylvanian*" as above, which credits "*The Constitution.*"

MR. GIDDINGS'S DENIAL.—Mr. Giddings says: "I have been requested to tell what I know of Brown. I am of opinion that he came to Jefferson, where I reside, on Saturday, and spoke in our church on the next Sunday. He spoke of his Kansas troubles, and also of his doings in Missouri. I believe nearly every Democrat and every Republican contributed to pay for Brown's lecture. In talking to Brown I spoke against slavery, but I did not utter as radical opinions as I do generally in public. Brown did not speak of Virginia to me, or of arms, or of his associates. Nor do I think any one but his associates knew of his Virginia movements. And no one who knows my circumstances will think I ever gave $300 to Brown. (Laughter.) I gave *three* dollars once, to relieve the personal distress of Brown's son—not three hundred—but little did I believe this three dollars was to frighten Virginia, and strike terror to the heart of the Federal Government. When I read of Brown's living at Harper's Ferry, and making his attack there, I was astounded.—But I will say that if Gerrit Smith, or any one else, gave money to free slaves without bloodshedding, they certainly offended against no law of Ohio.

THE STIEF LETTER.—Of a letter to a Mr. Alonzo G. Buckley, found with Brown's papers, written by a Mr. Stief, Jr., Mr. Stief says:—

"I would state that it was written by me to a personal friend, with whom I keep up an occasional correspondence, and who I supposed resided at Colbrook, Ashtabula county, Ohio, where the letter was directed. I subsequently found out he had removed, and suppose it was taken from post-office by Brown or friends; which explains its being in his possession. The publication of the letter in such a connection is a source of much annoyance to me, as my feelings are antagonistic to abolitionism, and any attempts to interfere with the rights of our Southern fellow-citizens. R. F. STIEF, JR.

Residence, 830 Wharton street.

Philada., Oct. 26, 1859.

BROWN'S LETTER.—In Brown's letter to Judge Tilden, he says:—"I have money in hand here to the amount of $250, and personal property sufficient to pay a most liberal fee to yourself or any able man who will undertake our defence, if I can be allowed the benefit of said property. Can you or some other good man come on immediately, for the sake of the young men prisoners at least. My wounds are doing well. Do not send an ultra Abolitionist."

A RESCUE FEARED.—The following despatch was received by the superintendent at Harper's Ferry, on Wednesday, the purport of which he telegraphed to the Secretary of War, Gov. Wise, John Garrett and others, and which occasioned the movement of troops that day from Frederick and other points.

NEW YORK, Oct. 24th, '59.—I would not be surprised if, from what I have heard, that there will be an attempt made by the Abolitionists of the North to release Brown and his associates from the Charlestown jail. I do not desire to add to the excitement already great, but to write you as a caution. If an attempt is made it will be a hidden movement by a party of armed desperadoes employed by leaders in the free States.

(Signed) HENRY HILL.

The above is from an officer of the army, a Virginian, personally known to Sup't Barbour. The Secretary of War has ordered forty marines to the Harper's Ferry Armory. Arms have been distributed from the Armory to over two thousand citizens of Virginia.

TELEGRAPHIC DESPATCH.—The following telegraphic despatch was sent from Harper's Ferry, Oct. 15th:—

LEWIS HAYDEN, 77 Southac street, Secretary of State Office, State House, Boston:

Orders disobeyed—conditions broken. Pay S. immediately balance of my money. Allow further expense. Recall money advanced if not spent.

(Signed) FRANCIS J. MERIAM.

Lewis Hayden is said to be a wealthy colored man in Boston, a dealer in ready-made clothing.

IMPORTANT FROM EUROPE.

TREATY OF PEACE SIGNED.

The Nova Scotian, at Farther Point, on the 29th, brings Liverpool advices to the 19th.

The Moniteur officially announces that, on the 17th, a treaty of peace was signed at Zurich between France and Austria.

Referring to the contemplated European Congress, the Paris correspondent of the London Times says, eleven Powers will meet, viz.: the Five Great Powers, Sardinia, Spain, Sweden, Portugal, Naples and Rome.

LONDON, 19th.—The Post has a despatch from Paris, dated last night, stating that three distinct instruments will be signed at Zurich, the treaty between France and Sardinia will be signed in a day or two; the tripartite treaty will be signed subsequently.

The Times of this morning states that the terms of the Zurich treaty are almost identical with those agreed to at Villa Franca.

The Great Eastern continued at Holyhead. It had been asserted that the vessel would sail for Portland, Maine, on or about the 28th of October, but it is semi-officially announced that the directors had not come to any decision. A meeting was to be held on the 19th, and it was thought that final arrangements would then be made. The Times correspondent, on board, strongly advocates the postponement of the Atlantic trip till spring, on account of the imperfect preparations, and the consequent risk of failure.

The Neapolitan corps d'armee on the frontiers was continually increasing, and will amount to thirty thousand men. Great activity prevailed in the arsenals, and the whole army was gradually being placed on a war footing.

The Emperor of Russia and the Prince Regent of Prussia were expected to have a meeting at Breslau, October 22. It was reported that the Emperor of Austria will proceed to the frontiers of Prussia and Poland, there to meet the Emperor of Russia.

The Times' city article says the confirmation of the news of the signing of the Peace Treaty, the settlement of the dispute between Spain and Morocco, and above all, the continued abundance of capital seeking investment, caused the English funds to open on Tuesday with increased firmness, and subsequently to experience a further advance.

LIVERPOOL, Oct. 19.—Cotton is unchanged—the advices from Manchester are favorable.

Breadstuffs are tending downward. Flour dull, but steady. Wheat dull, with a decline of 1@2d in French sorts. Corn dull, with a decline of 6d yellow; white nominally unchanged.

The Provision market was generally dull. Beef was quiet but steady; Pork dull; Lard firm at 54s 55s; Bacon dull; Tallow firm; butchers' 59s on the spot.

Ashes quiet; Pots 27s 6d; Pearls 27s 9d; Sugar steady; Rice steady; Coffee quiet; Rosin steady; common 4s 2d; Spirits of Turpentine dull at 35s 6d a35s. Pig Iron steady at 52s.

American Securities slow of sale, but prices unaltered.

CINCINNATI, Oct. 29.—The office of the Newport (Ky.) Free South paper, of Republican proclivities, was mobbed last night, and the forms of type scattered in the street.

John Tyler, a fugitive slave, who escaped from Campbell county, Va., in 1854, was arrested in Columbus on the 28th, and after a hearing before Commissioner Newhall, was remanded to the claimants. He was taken to Covington.

POMMEROY ABBEY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE RED COURT FARM," "THE ROCK," &c., &c.

VII.

A gray stone building, not large, and very old, stood within view of the back of the Abbey of Pommeroy. It was called the keep, and its walls were overgrown with moss, like the abbey. A gentle slope of green grass descended from it, then came a long level dell, and then, on another gentle slope, rose the abbey. On this side, the abbey had no entrance; you must travel round to the front, before you could get in.

Sitting on the dry and warm grass before the keep on a sunny September day, was the lovely lady of Pommeroy; she had thrown herself there in sport, as the young like to do; and, pacing the grass before her, was a woman bearing an infant of some two months old. It was not, however, the heir, who had been so anxiously expected, and for whom great rejoicings had been planned, for the anticipated heir had turned out to be a pretty little girl. The lord of Pommeroy did not appear to care much for the disappointment; plenty of time yet, he observed to those who would have condoled with him; and he had decreed that the festivities should be held just the same. So this was their last day of quietness, for on the morrow the abbey would be filled with guests; and the lord of Pommeroy had taken advantage of his last day of leisure, for a fortnight, to ride to a neighboring town, and his lady sat, as you have seen, on the grass, before the old and uninhabited keep.

"Bridget, is the baby sleeping?"

"Just going off, madam."

"Then take her in-doors."

The woman moved towards the abbey with her charge. Niece to the late housekeeper, and remaining in the abbey as assistant to the present, she had been promoted to the office of nurse to the child, simply because Mrs. Pommeroy had become fascinated with her tales and her legends of the dead-and-gone Pommeroys, belonging to the ages as dead-and-gone as they were. Whilst she lay ill, Bridget, who sometimes replaced her attendant, would recount to her marvellous legends of the Pommeroys' grandeur and chivalry, varied with whispers of the Pommeroys' less laudatory exploits. Mrs. Pommeroy took quite a liking for the woman, and she assigned to her the place of nurse to the child; herself being its nurse in one sense of the word. It was not an unwise choice, for Bridget was steady, attentive, and not young.

Mrs. Pommeroy sat on, after Bridget had turned away, her parasol held over her right arm; that is, between her face and the sun. It was pleasant to recline there at her ease, enjoying the balm of the warm and tranquil air, and she fell into a train of thought, from which she was aroused by the sound of footsteps behind her, hastening down the slope of the keep. She turned her head, and—

What was it that dazzled her eyes, as if the glaring sun had suddenly flashed upon them? What was it that dazzled her mind to bewilderment? She rose up, little conscious what she did; her cheek flushed and paled, paled and flushed, her hands trembled, her heart grew sick and dizzy. Whose form was it, that caused all this emotion?

It was that of a noble-looking man, of the remarkable height, the well-turned limbs, the fine shape of her own husband; it was, in short, that of the brother of the lord of Pommeroy. But one year's difference between them in age, their figures, their hair, their eyes as much alike as could well be; at a distance the one might have been mistaken for the other. But on a nearer view—then you saw the contrast; the lord of Pommeroy's stern expression, and his hare-lip, and the exceeding beauty of the countenance of his brother Rupert.

Rupert started as she rose and turned her face towards him; he had not given a thought to who it might be, sitting there. She looked at him, not speaking, but she could not conceal the agitation which had taken possession of her whole frame, and he halted and stood before her. Alas! though she had resolutely thrust Rupert Pommeroy from her mind, and so believed she had thrust him from her heart, this sudden meeting served to show that the love had been only smouldering. She covered her face's agitation with a look of scorn, for she had cause to believe that he had wilfully played her false. Not less scornful, however, was the tone of Rupert.

"I hope I see well the lady of Pommeroy."

Again they stood gazing at each other, neither speaking. Mrs. Pommeroy remembered her position as the wife of his brother, his chief, and she struggled to maintain it as she ought.

"I believe I speak to Rupert Pommeroy?" she coldly said.

"Am I so changed that you need ask?" was his retort. "I should have thought, by the circumstances attending our last meeting, that you would only too well have remembered me. Have you forgotten that last meeting?"

She was thunderstruck at his audacity.

"Do you know who I am?"

"To my cost I do know it. Guy's wife. But in that last meeting you swore to be mine, Alice," he continued, his voice trembling, "I trusted you from my very soul."

She could not comprehend; she advanced a step nearer to him.

"Are you aiming to deceive me again now, as you did then? To what end? You and I have nothing in common, from henceforth, but hatred and scorn."

He looked at her steadily, mockery in his eye and on his lip.

She was excessively agitated; she could not understand his looks; instead of sinking to the earth with shame for the treachery he had played her, he appeared to throw the blame and scorn to her.

"You are my husband's brother" she resumed, "and I will say to you what I would not stoop to say, were I any other man's wife. You came in secret to my mother's home to win my love; how dared you so come, dastardly pretending that your love was mine?"

"Dastardly!" retorted Rupert, his eye flashing; "I am a Pommeroy. If it was dastardly for one brother to seek you, it was for the other. What, though Guy was the heir?—had you wanted position and riches, why did you not say so?"

"I did not want them. You know I did not."

"You married them, at any rate," he slightingly returned. "And you made pretty good haste to do so."

"This show of recrimination will not serve you," resumed Mrs. Pommeroy. "Once more I ask you, and if you have a grain of honor you will answer—why you came, dastardly deceiving me with your false vows."

"If you had aught about you as true as they were, you would do, lady of Pommeroy. Whatever other ill I may have done, I loved you faithfully; as I have never loved and never shall love another."

"You may spare yourself the avowal, Rupert Pommeroy; to what end, I ask, lie about it now? I know who it was you did love; whom you were loving and visiting, while you pretended to love and visit me. But I am ashamed of myself for thus alluding to anything so disgraceful."

"As you have alluded to it, you had better explain, lady of Pommeroy. I do not know what you are speaking of."

"You do. I speak of that unhappy person whom you took away with you."

Rupert looked at her.

"What person?"

"I was told all about it. I blush for myself, that I should deign to allude to it again—but I wish you to know that, though you succeeded in deceiving me for a space, the enlightenment came; therefore we shall stand on equal ground for the future."

"I ask what person," he repeated; "what do you mean?"

"Gaunt's daughter," replied Mrs. Pommeroy, in a low tone.

After a stare of surprise, Rupert burst out laughing. Mrs. Pommeroy turned indignantly away.

He strode after her and caught her by the shoulder.

"Did you mean what you say, Mrs. Pommeroy? It is not possible that you suspect me of having abducted Sybilla Gaunt?"

"I do not suspect. I know you did."

"Then hear me," he said, almost as passionately as his brother Guy could have spoken; "I swear to you that I never had a thought of love towards Sybilla; the one for whom she left the village, she is with now."

There was truth in his eye and in his tone. Mrs. Pommeroy turned ghastly pale.

"Will you tell me with whom she is?"

Rupert hesitated.

"There is a reason for its not being known at Abbeyland. Will you keep it secret if I tell you?"

"I will."

"She is with my brother, George Pommeroy. Who put you on this wrong scent?"

"Guy."

"Guy! Then I shall have a score to settle with him."

"He believed it was you. The village believed it."

"Guy did not—whatever the village may have done. The village laid many a peccadillo on my back, being a broad one, that had no legal right there. What did I care! it made me none the sadder."

"Guy did not!" dreamily repeated Mrs. Pommeroy.

"Guy knew better. He knew as much as I did."

"Joan thought it," she continued. "My mother thought it."

"Very likely. I have a broad back, I say, and always have had one. Was this the reason of your being false to me?"

"Yes," she answered, her pale lips quivering. "Guy would come to me, pressing me to be his wife; to get rid of his importunities I confided to him that I loved you, that I had promised to wait and be yours, and then he ridiculed my credulity, and told me you were the cause of all the ill that had happened to Sybilla Gaunt; that she had followed you, and was with you then."

Rupert turned from her, muttering an imprecation that she ought not to hear.

"And then you married him?"

"And then I married him. I was mad, Rupert; I did not care what became of me. He has played us both false."

"He has played us both false," echoed Rupert, "false as his own false nature. I did not come here, I was in debt, and afraid; and then, a month or two before I heard of your marriage, I could not come, for I was put in prison. Guess who put me there! Guy."

"Oh, Rupert! It has been a black plot of treachery against us both."

"It has; and it succeeded. He won you by a lie! let him look to himself."

Rupert spoke in a pointed manner, and Mrs. Pommeroy had little doubt what it was he alluded to, and she shuddered as with a sudden fear. That dread portent for the lords of Pommeroy—when one of them should win a wife by means of a lie.

Rupert Pommeroy placed his hand on Mrs. Pommeroy's shoulder.

"You love me still," he whispered. "I see it."

"From my whole heart," she answered, for indignation was strong within her; and she had begun to hate her treacherous husband with a deadly hatred.

She quitted Rupert and walked to the abbey. As she was entering its gate she met Gaunt, the gamekeeper. An uncontrollable impulse prompted her to speak.

"Do you ever expect Sybilla back again?"

"I hope so," was his reply. "But it is more than I can answer for."

"You know what the village said—that she went away with a Pommeroy."

"The village dared not have said such a thing to a Pommeroy's face; or to mine either," was Gaunt's stern reply.

"Rupert got the blame."

"Did he? He did not deserve it."

"Did he not deserve it?" significantly repeated Mrs. Pommeroy.

Gaunt drew himself up to his full and noble height.

"There was no blame attaching to any one, and I do not like it spoken of in connexion with my daughter and with the Pommeroys. Rupert Pommeroy was as a brother to Sybilla, nothing else. We used to think he cared for another; but, whether or not, he had no thought of Sybilla, or she of him."

Mrs. Pommeroy's cheeks flushed, for she knew he alluded to herself, and she walked on. "Won by a lie!" she muttered, "won by a lie!"

That same evening, Rupert Pommeroy found his way into the abbey to his brother's presence. What passed, none, apart from themselves, could precisely say, but a storm, that terrified the servants, raged within the saloon. They gathered in the ante-rooms, and in the corridors, and Mrs. Pommeroy, so far as could be heard, took Rupert's part. It ended by the lord of Pommeroy's dashing open the door and ordering the servants to thrust his brother forth. They would have done it; they dared not disobey the lord when he had that temper upon him, or indeed at any other time, for implicit obedience was always given to the lords of Pommeroy, but Rupert walked forth of his own accord. As he passed the spot where Mrs. Pommeroy stood, he bent down and whispered a word to her, and she answered by an intelligent glance. Exaggerated tales of the interview went forth to the village, spoken by the domestics, whose imaginations, however, had supplied the chief, for they had only heard a word here and there, and had seen nothing.

After the departure of Rupert, Mrs. Pommeroy went up-stairs to her child; it was wailing a low wail of complaint or of pain. Mrs. Pommeroy took it, but it would not be soothed; there was still the same low wail; not a cry.

"I cannot think what's the matter with her," exclaimed Bridget. "She has never cried like this; when she does cry, it is like all other children, loud enough for the whole abbey to hear, but not this strange pining wail."

No; Mrs. Pommeroy might try her best; the infant would not be tranquillized. Was it wailing for the distress that was coming on its home?

When Mrs. Pommeroy gave back the child, she went to her own room and rang for her maid. "Which bed-chambers have been prepared for the guests to-morrow?"

"All that were available, I think," was the reply.

"Is the small room at the side of the corridor, next to the blue room, ready?"

"Yes, madam, I know it is, for I helped to carry in the linen to the different rooms, and that was one."

"Carry my things there," said Mrs. Pommeroy.

The servant doubted in what sense to take the words.

"Remove all my things to that room, I say," repeated Mrs. Pommeroy. "Now. Call some one to help you. It will be mine from henceforth, instead of this."

The girl stood with open mouth. "And the lord's things also?" she asked, in puzzled wonder.

"Mine, I said," was the curt retort of Mrs. Pommeroy.

She went outside, and stood at one of the windows, apparently gazing into the court-yard. In reality she was gazing within her, at her own outraged heart. Her hands were clasped together until the nails pressed into the skin; but what cared she then for bodily pain? In a little while she continued her way to the saloon where she had left her husband. It was a gorgeously fitted-up apartment, all gilding and beauty, a contrast to the dark spirits of those two who were now in it. The mirrors reflected their heavy countenances, but Mrs. Pommeroy had made a compact with herself, that she would be cool and contemptuous, rather than fierce.

The lord of Pommeroy was sitting in a costly chair, calm, save that his eye was evil. His wife went up and stood in front of him; she placed her hands before her, one over the other, like a school-girl repeating a lesson to her governess, and began in a measured tone, steadily looking at him.

"Why did you bring this misery upon us?"

His gray eye flashed. "I have brought no misery. You will bring it upon yourself, if you behave as you did to-night."

"You have brought a misery upon us that will never end but with our lives. It never shall end."

"Speak for yourself," rejoined the lord.

"I do; but I also speak for you, lord of Pommeroy. You shall go your way, and I will go mine; we are strangers from this hour."

"Perhaps you would like to go your way with Rupert," sneered the lord; speaking, though, in the plenitude of his security that such a catastrophe could no more take place than that the stars could shine at noonday.

"No," she replied, catching up her breath with a gasp, and her face turning to crimson, "you have barred that for ever."

His lips parted, as if to laugh; but he closed them again.

"Why did you do so? Why did you come to me with that wicked tale—knowing it was false?"

"I had two motives," he coolly replied. "One was, that I loved you; I was dying for you; the other was, that I would save you from him. Had you been suffered to marry him, he would have toyed with your heart for a month, and then broken it."

"I was dying for Rupert," she returned, in a low tone, whose passion was kept down, while the large tear-drops of regret filled her eyes. "Far rather would I have been his for a month, though my heart had then broken, than yours to eternity."

He suppressed an imprecation.

"You shall not repeat such language to me."

"You have heard it before," was the agitated reply. "I told you, in the very hour that you came forth to win me with your falsehood, that I loved your brother with an all-enduring love; I told you I should never love you. You have not forgotten."

No, that he had not. Often enough had he writhed at the remembrance of the words.

"On the eve of our marriage—it must have been a good spirit sent the doubt to me—a thought came that you were deceiving me, and I put the question deliberately to you. Do you remember your answer? I prayed you to tell me whether you were; I pointed out that should it ever come to light, later, that you were so deceiving me, it would be bad for both of us. It has now come."

"Let us have done with this, Alice," cried the lord, in a tone of conciliation.

"Done with it?" she repeated. "Yes, presently, when I have finished; but its effects will never be done with. Guy Pommeroy, I will no longer be your wife; never again; never, never!"

He smiled.

"Yes, you will."

"Never again," she murmured; "I would not do so wickedly; for my whole love is Rupert's. I thought it was conquered; I did, indeed; but the sight of him has shown me my mistake. The fact is, since I have been your wife, I have been suppressing his image, keeping it under; I would not suffer it to rise. I would not dwell upon it. Henceforward I shall cherish it and live upon it; so you see how impossible it is that I can stay here to be your wife."

Guy's lips were turning livid.

"You may get a separation; a divorce; anything you please; the sooner the better. And then you may bring home another to be lady of Pommeroy."

He seized her savagely by the arms.

"You cannot beat me," she said. "The chivalrous lords of Pommeroy do not beat women."

"You will tempt me to it, if you thus drive me to desperation," returned the lord. "Hold your peace."

"When I have said what I wish to say. At present, until these people have come and gone, there shall be an appearance of amity between us; after that, I shall consider what to do; probably go home to my mother. But while these gossiping crowds are here, let us play a part; all smiling suavity before them; strangers when not."

"You pretty little schemer," he laughed.—"The lords of Pommeroy don't resign their wives thus easily, although you seem so willing to resign your baby."

She looked up with a startled glance.

"I should take my baby with me."

"Oh, dear, no," replied the lord of Pommeroy. "If you leave my home upon a whim, you do not take my child."

"The law would give it me."

"Alice, it would *not*."

And the lord was right.

"Do you know," she whispered, struggling to maintain her calm tone, "that I hate you with a double hatred? You have brought woe upon me forever. I feel as a caged bird, barred in from love and from life; barred by you. I hated you, Guy, before we married. I hate you far worse now."

"You are bold, my lady."

"But for my own good name, and that the child may grow up to call me mother, I would have quitted your roof this night with Rupert. There was a demon tempting me—had it been only to take my revenge on you."

"If you do not cease, I will have you chained up as a mad woman," foamed Guy.

"I have nearly said my say. To-morrow, before my guests, you will find me all smiles and polite speeches again. My things are being removed to the small room in the north wing, and that will be mine as long as I remain."

He leaned towards her, hissing, rather than speaking.

"If you attempt to leave your own apartments, I will bar you up in them—and come and attend you as your keeper. You are mad, Alice."

"You won me by a lie," she returned, greatly agitated; "and, now that I know it, I am not bound to obey you. If a thief should steal a sovereign, though he may get it into his possession, it is not legally or morally his.—Did you forget the prediction?—the woe it threatens?"

The lord lifted scornfully his deformed lip.

"Prediction? Threatened woe? Tush!—unless you choose to mar the peace of the house and bring it. You will order your things back again, Alice; I must keep an eye over you."

"I will not," she steadily answered. "If you attempt to force me to it, I will go this night to my mother. Pretty scandal for the lord of Pommeroy, when the guests shall arrive to-morrow and find his lady flown."

Alice called him right—the lord of Pommeroy; he was both lord and master. She went up stairs to the room that had been hers, and Guy followed and closed the door. Bridget, who was near, was startled by the sounds that came from the room; recriminating words from both, though she could not hear their purport, which rose into shrieks of rage from the lord, awful to listen to, and sobs and wails from her mistress. Sudden silence supervened. Bridget was terrified, and she went to the door with an excuse, and knocked at it.

It was opened instantly by the lord; he appeared to have been standing against it, and her mistress sat near the table. Bridget could not see her face distinctly, for the room was only lighted by the large lamp which hung outside in the court-yard.

"Did you call me, madam?" she hastened to say. "I thought you might want the baby, but she's asleep now."

"No one called," replied the lord of Pommeroy. "Bridget."

"Sir."

"Some orders of your mistress's have been misapprehended—her things have been carried to the small room in the north corridor. Bring them back."

The things were carried back. Mrs. Pommeroy did not gainsay it; and the servants whispered—Oppose the iron will of Guy Pommeroy? his wife need not have thought it.

When rest and silence fell upon the abbey, there appeared to be rest and silence in the lady's chamber, but had one been curious enough to listen, they might have heard the monotonous step of the lord, pacing it through the better part of the night.

VIII.

It is an act of madness to pour spirits on a raging fire; little less so to control by angry force the fierce will of an indignant woman.—That Mrs. Pommeroy had not a well-regulated mind has been previously observed, and in the sad storm of outraged feeling, of love for Rupert, and of anger towards Guy, the steps taken by her husband were not judicious ones. Far better that he had let her indignation spend itself for a short while, a few days, and then have tried conciliation. It might have answered—after a little holding out; for a woman, look you, talk as she may, will think twice before she actually goes the length of quitting her husband's home.

A fortnight, the space of time mentioned as the stay of the abbey's guests, was drawing to a close. Who so gay as Mrs. Pommeroy? who so calm and equable as the lord? Yes, she was always gay in appearance—but within? Within raged anger, passion, and self-accusation; for she had suffered herself to fall into the habit of meeting Rupert Pommeroy; and the habit, considering his reckless character, and the temper she was at present indulging, was not altogether a safe one.

The lord entertained his guests right regally, as a Pommeroy loved to do. Excursions of pleasure abroad, evening feasting and festivities at home, occasionally varied with men's out-of-door field sports. It was on one of these latter occasions, when he and the other gentlemen were absent from the abbey, that Mrs. Pommeroy walked out of it unaccompanied. She was in no mood for society, and leaving her visitors to occupy themselves as they best might, she stole forth alone. Not with the intention of meeting Rupert Pommeroy; certainly not; for this was before she allowed herself to meet him, and, for aught she knew, Rupert might have left the place. But, close to the keep, on the very spot where she had encountered him before, there she came upon him. It was only two days subsequent to the scene at the abbey between herself and her husband, and Mrs. Pommeroy, most imprudently and inexcusably, gave Rupert the full version of it. Whilst they were in close conversation, pacing round and round the keep, they lifted their heads and saw a party of sportsmen at a great distance.

"Oh, Rupert, Guy is with them!" she suddenly exclaimed. "It will make his rage worse to see me talking to you."

Without a word, Rupert touched one of her hands and drew her to a small low door in the wall at the back of the building; it flew open, and admitted them to the inside.

"You are safe here until they have passed," he whispered.

"But how did you get the door open?" she wondered. "I always understood that could not be opened from the outside."

"Neither can it be, except by me and the lord. Yes; Jerome knows the secret; I forgot him. There is an invisible spring."

"The lord!" she uttered, in breathless agitation. "Suppose he should take it in his head to enter now?"

Rupert smiled, and drew a strong iron bar across the door and secured it. "Not a dozen lords combined could enter now."

"Suppose he were to come in by the front door?" fear suggested again.

"My dear Alice, what should bring him with the key of the keep? I don't suppose it has been taken from Jerome's key-closet for years."

But Mrs. Pommeroy held her breath and trembled; conscience and fear were making a coward of her. And serve her right; she had no business to conceal herself. That was the first false step.

She took another within the next five minutes. She and Rupert stood, straining their ears to listen for the voices and footsteps of the sportsmen, but the walls were thick, for the door had admitted them to a room inside the keep, not to any court or yard without it.

"They must have passed by this time," said Rupert, at length; "I will go up and see. Would you like to look over the old keep, Alice?"

"Oh dear no," she hastily replied. "I am only anxious to get out of it; I tremble lest any untoward miracle should bring Guy in."

Rupert laughed; and ascending some stairs made his way to the front of the building, and peeped out at one of the quaint loopholes of windows. "They are right down in the dell, half way to the abbey, Alice," he said, returning. "All is safe."

"Oh, thank goodness! Open the door for me."

"Nay, you may finish what you were telling me here, as well as outside."

"I dare not, Rupert," she said. "See how I am shaking. I shall make haste to the abbey, ere he can find that I am out. It is his turn, just while these people and mamma are with us; she takes his part in everything, and he nearly frightened me to death that night; but my time will come."

Rupert undid the door and they passed outside, he closing it again.

"We cannot part for good like this, Alice. Meet me here to-morrow and finish your tale; I may be far away the next day."

"Oh, Rupert, I am afraid."

"If you mean afraid of me, you are more foolish than I could have thought you, Alice; you were not afraid to meet me once, and did I ever harm you? If you mean afraid of Guy, he cannot see you, inside here. I will have the door open at this hour, waiting for you."

"I have no one in the world to tell my anger and grief to but you, Rupert," she answered, "and if I cannot tell them to somebody, they will burst my heart, so I will come."

False step the second; and a very false one.

It brought on more, for the meeting of the second day was repeated on the third and the fourth, and, in short, every day; by hook or by crook, and timing the visits, now morning, now afternoon, now evening, so as to divert attention from it, did Mrs. Pommeroy go forth to meet her husband's brother. Rupert generally perched himself upon a high stone ledge projecting from the wall, and Mrs. Pommeroy sat on a low stool, creaky with age, and there they talked away, and abused the lord to their anger's content; but it was all highly wrong and foolish, and she ought to have observed better manners. Meanwhile Rupert made no secret of his stay in Abbeyland, or that he was sojourning at Gaunt the gamekeeper's.

The end came; in more senses than one. As Mrs. Pommeroy was leaving the abbey gates, to proceed, as usual, on her stolen interview, Bridget and the baby met her.

"I ordered you to take the child for a walk through the village," imperiously began Mrs. Pommeroy.

"I am going, madam, but I have just met"—she dropped her voice—"Mr. Rupert, and he told me to make haste back and give this bit of paper into your own hands."

It was a leaf, apparently torn from a pocket-book, and tied round securely with string—unable, probably, to get at any better mode of fastening. Mrs. Pommeroy opened it, and saw a few words in pencil.

"*Don't come*; the keep is no longer safe. I will be in the haunted room at eight o'clock to-night; come there for a minute, and I will explain. I will leave the door open for you."

Mrs. Pommeroy tore it into little bits and scattered them to the winds, as she returned to the abbey.

"Be in the haunted room to-night?" she soliloquized; "he must be out of his senses to say it. He could not pass through the abbey to get there, without being seen, and he would never dare it. What can he mean? It must be some mistake. And the keep no longer safe! Has Guy—"

Fright drowned her words and stopped her thoughts. But she did not go to the haunted room. And the following day, Bridget, in coming in with the baby, brought her another bit of paper.

"Why did you not come? I waited for you in the haunted room for three hours. I saw you come to your window and look out, but I did not dare to make a signal, and the casement, where I stood, was in the shade. I shall be there again to-night; come for an instant, for I leave for good to-morrow."

Mrs. Pommeroy thought magic must be at work. It was not possible that Rupert could have passed through the Abbey and got Jerome's keys without being seen. She supposed he had talked over Jerome, and bribed the servants—and that was dangerous. Far more dangerous was her going—which she did do. Full of sinful dissimulation—for dissimulation, in such a cause, is nothing less than sin—she pretended indisposition, and remained in her chamber, leaving her mother and her husband to do the honors of the dinner-table to their guests.

Trembling and shaking, not so much at what she was doing as at the thought of penetrating by dark—or rather by moonlight, for the moon shone full and bright—to the haunted room, Mrs. Pommeroy stole through the passages and up the stairs of the north tower. Whether she would have had courage to go through the rooms alone remains unsolved, for there, at the top of the stairs, stood Rupert.

"Where's Guy?" he whispered.

"At dinner. I sent word I was ill and could not go down. He will think I am sulky."

Rupert descended to lock the door, and make all secure; but as they went on, she shook so that he was obliged to hold her.

"Rupert, this is what I ought not to do. I will never venture here again; and I would not have come now, but that I am so uneasy about the keep. What did you mean?"

"There will be no occasion to venture here again; I go, as I told you, to-morrow."

The moonlight shone into the haunted chamber, revealing its ghastliness. It shone on the mysterious picture, and on the defacure right up it, caused by the burn, when Mrs. Pommeroy had accidentally held the candle too close. Whether the canvas was damp, or whether it was, in a degree, fire-proof, or whether the spirit of the nun was present to protect her own image and property, was uncertain; but all the burn had done was to smoulder away into smoke, leaving an ugly black stream stretching upwards, close to, but not touching either the face or the prediction.

The latter was in Mrs. Pommeroy's mind as she stood there, in the moonlight, every line, every word; they were ringing in her ears with an ominous sound.

When the heir of Pommeroy goes forth a wife to win,
And the heir of Pommeroy goes forth in vain;
When the lord of Pommeroy by a lie doth gain,
Then woe to the Pommeroys, twain and twain!

Ominous indeed; more ominous than they had ever sounded before.

She heaved a deep sigh, and turned. Rupert was standing against the wall, gazing at her.

"How ever did you manage to get here?" she exclaimed. "I am bewildered; I cannot make it out. How many of the servants saw you pass the corridors?"

"Not one, either last night or to-night. I took care."

"But, Rupert, they are always about."

"They did not see me; and, if they had, they could not have known me. Look here."

He suddenly enveloped himself in a friar's gray cloak, throwing the capuchin—or hood, as the English call it—over his head, so as to conceal his face effectually, like a fair dame does, when she goes out of heated rooms at night.

"And your hat?"

"I wore none. I got Father Andrew to lend this to me yesterday," he continued, turning himself round in the moonlight, for Mrs. Pommeroy's inspection. "He wanted to know what midnight expedition I was bent upon. Sly dogs, our priests," laughed Rupert; "they know the use of the capuchin themselves. Had any of the servants seen me, far from recognizing me, they would have flown away scared, thinking the nun there," pointing to the picture, "was abroad to-night."

He threw off the cloak as he spoke, and Mrs. Pommeroy went to the window and peeped out.

"Caution, Alice. When the moon is bright, faces can be discerned here from the house. Had she not been under the dark clouds last night, you might have seen mine."

"I thought it utterly impossible that you could get here; I thought you must have made some great error. How did you get the keys?"

Rupert Pommeroy stole his lips to her ear.

"Filched them. Stepped aside to Jerome's closet-sanctum, and filched them."

"Filched them!" echoed Mrs. Pommeroy; "Jerome keeps it locked."

"Not always; and luck favored me; it often does. I have had possession of them from last night to this."

She thought his manner strange; lighter than customary when with her. He appeared

to speak in a laughing, insincere sort of way; years and years afterwards she remembered it.

"How very imprudent! if Jerome had missed them to-day, the whole abbey might have been roused."

"No fear," laughed Rupert again. "Jerome would not miss them."

"Rupert!" she suddenly exclaimed, a light breaking in upon her, "Jerome has aided you to come here!"

"No he has not. Not a soul has aided me, save Father Andrew, in the loan of the capuchin; little guessed he that it was to steal a visit to the lady of Pommeroy. Jerome has aided me in another way, though; you do not ask about the keep."

"I have been putting it off. It frightens me."

"We have had a spy upon us, Alice, as sure as that we are here. Whether the lord has found out anything with his own scent, or whether he has been put up to it, I can't say; I think the latter, for if he had watched you to the keep, he would most certainly have pounced in upon you. Yesterday old Jerome made his appearance at Gaunt's; to see me. 'Mr. Rupert,' began he, in a whisper, though there was not a soul in the place, for Gaunt was in the grounds, and his housekeeper in the village, 'do you go in at all to the keep?' 'Why?' said I. 'But do you, sir?' 'I have been in there once or twice, Jerome. Why? I ask.' 'Ah, I was sure of it! I wish you'd be away from the village, sir; for, ever since that quarrel, the other night, between you and the lord, I have had a feeling upon me that worse would come. This morning the lord came to me: "To whom have you entrusted the key of the keep?" he asked; but I saw by his eye something was wrong. "It has not gone out of my hands since the old lord died," I answered. "You lie, Jerome," he cried; "you have lent it to Rupert Pommeroy." We had gone on to the key-closet, Mr. Rupert,' added Jerome, 'but in my flurry I looked in the wrong niche for the key, and I did not see it. The lord stood by with folded arms. "I thought you were faithful," he said; and it made my old eyes water, for faithful I am, and have ever been to the lords of Pommeroy—and not less so to you, Mr. Rupert, for you are a brother and a son. The lord saw my distress. "Some one was in there yesterday, Jerome," he said, in a kinder tone; "I tried the spring of the private door, and could not get in." "Here's the key, lord of Pommeroy," I said, showing it to him; "in my haste I looked in the wrong place; I have not given it to Mr. Rupert."'"

Mrs. Pommeroy had grasped Rupert's arm in terror at the recital, in terror of what might have come of it, had the door not been fastened. The worst the lord would have seen would have been Rupert lodged on his high shelf, and Mrs. Pommeroy swaying herself on the stool, abusing him confidentially; quite enough to excite to madness the lord of Pommeroy.—Rupert re-assured her present fears; had they not escaped the danger?

"Jerome added that the lord took possession of the key, and he, fearing there might be quarrelling, or something worse, if the lord found me in the keep, came to warn me not to go to it again. Jerome little thinks who else might have been found with Mr. Rupert. So I knew that the keep, as far as you went, was done for, Alice, and I wrote a word and was coming to the abbey with it when I met Bridget. I was determined to see you for a farewell, and could think of no safe place but this."

"Do you really go to-morrow?"

"I go to-morrow. I should have gone to-day had you come last night."

She was weeping silently. Rupert Pommeroy was very dear to her, and she was about to lose sight of him, perhaps forever; but she, as silently, wiped away the tears, so that he should not see them.

There is an expressive Italian proverb—I forget precisely how it runs, but the sense is that for the debtor and the stolen interview time flies on wings. On wings, most certainly, it appeared to fly for those in the haunted room. Mrs. Pommeroy may have been unconscious of its flitting—let her answer it; but when the court-yard clock rang out ten, she was still there.

With a faint cry of dismay she moved to the window. Was it ten or nine? She strained her eyes on the clock, but, strain them as she would, she could not make out its hands, for the dial was too far off. Rupert followed her, though little cared he what the hour might be.

As she turned from the window, her sight, accustomed now to the faint light of the room, distinguished a tall dark figure standing up, right against the picture. Fascinated and terror-stricken, not with ghostly terror, but with a terror far more ominous and real—for too well did she discern the outlines of that form—she caught hold of her companion, shrieking out in her agony of shame,

"Oh, Rupert! Rupert!"

The lord of Pommeroy strode forward, his eye glaring, and his white features awfully livid in the moonlight. How long had he been there?

Hurling his wife out of reach of harm, spurning her with his foot, he drew a double-barreled pistol upon his brother. The ball missed him, entering the dark wainscoting; and yet the lord of Pommeroy had a sure hand in general. Ere he could fire again, Rupert closed with him, and they grappled for the weapon. Mrs. Pommeroy heard the deadly scuffle, as she sped, gasping and moaning, from the chamber, through the rooms to the top of the stairs. In her haste and terror she fell down them, her head striking, but not violently, against the door; she thought she heard the noise of the second barrel, but was not sure.

Up again in a moment. She seized the key which Rupert had left in the door, but whether she turned it, or whether it was previously unlocked, she never knew. Probably the lord had left it unlocked: though how had he contrived to enter himself, with the door fastened on the inside, and the key in it? It was a mystery.

A door, opening into the piazza at the side of the court, was ajar, and Mrs. Pommeroy flew out at it, sank down on the green bench, clasped its arm tightly, and hid her face on it—like we clasp the nearest support, as if for protection, on awaking from a terrific dream. She moaned under her breath; not aloud, lest the house should hear; she stilled her sobs of remorse and agony; and then she cast stealthy glances up to the window of the haunted room.

Trembling, moaning, cowering; feeling that to die would be a mercy; Mrs. Pommeroy sat there till the clock went the quarter-past ten. She had drawn to the door behind her, but not latched it, for her ear was on the stretch—to listen for her husband's footsteps, descending; at their first distant echo, she would have crept, like a worm, underneath the bench, in her guilty shame. If he saw her there, would he come out and kick her to death?

"Can't I go into the lady's room yet?" she heard one of the servants say, who appeared to meet another in the passage. "Getting on for eleven, and it's not put to rights yet, for the night."

"No," replied the voice of her own maid.—"The lady said she should try and sleep her headache off, and I was not to go to her room, on any account, unless she rang. The door's fast."

Mrs. Pommeroy shuddered, and held the bench convulsively.

The minutes rolled by, almost killing her with their slow protraction, and the clock chimed the half-hour. In that one half-hour, she seemed to have lived the agony of a whole lifetime. Neither of them had come down; of that she was certain, for her ears were strung to a strange fineness then. She gazed up at the window, an unbroken gaze now. What was taking place there? Were those two men, mated in height and strength, perhaps in ferocity, struggling on with each other, until one or the other should be overcome to death!—*Which* would conquer? But bear it she must, and did, till the clock struck eleven. A whole hour, and neither had come down! were both dead? Her heart and throat were working, her ears singing.

She could not bear it. Slow and cautiously, a step at a time, she stole into the corridor again, to the staircase door, and put her head up and listened. There was not the slightest sound. Up still, a stair at a time, and now another, and again she stopped to listen. Nothing—nothing. And so on, through the rooms, to the last chamber. She paused at the door of the haunted one; little thought she of supernatural visitants now, the bodily ones were filling every crevice of her imagination. The door was not closed, only pushed to, and the same silence reigned within—a silence that was every moment becoming more awful. She would have given half her life to hear one of Guy's oaths or Rupert's sarcasms. Dead—were they—and for her?

She pushed the door open, and then shrank back and drew up against the wall, lest the movement should have caused alarm; but neither alarm nor anything else issued forth; so, pulling back the drapery, she stepped up the steps and pushed her head in. She had come out of the light yard, and her eyes could see, as yet, nothing in the room but darkness; and the moon, at that moment, was under a cloud; still there was no movement, no sound, and she went into the room. She was stealing towards the window, a vague intention of standing there until she should become more accustomed to the darkness, floating through her scarcely sane brain, when she fell over something, and her hand touched—either a hand or a face; and it was cold.

Her nerves could bear no more; this was the climax. Uttering shriek upon shriek, and tearing along, as if the dead men were coming behind her, down she flew again, in all the terror of superstition. The noise penetrated to the abbey; the servants came forth, bearing lights; the guests emerged, alarmed, from the saloons—all to meet Mrs. Pommeroy in the passage, her face white, her eyes starting; the servants caught her, and she lay, convulsed, in their arms.

They crowded round her; she was in a violent fit of emotion and fear, attended with hysterical shrieks. Speak she could not, but she shudderingly pointed, now to the stairs of the north tower, now to the windows of the haunted room in the west one. What she could mean by indicating the north tower, nobody could understand; for, that it should be open, was suspected by none; but the other movement was more readily understood, and the servants called out simultaneously,

"She has seen the ghost!"

"Go, go," she gave utterance to, at length, "*there*," pointing to the haunted room. "Some one is lying dead."

That her words should be looked upon as the ravings of a haunted brain was natural, nevertheless old Jerome crept away to his key-closet; and then to the north tower. Had he discovered that his keys were missing? He came back from the staircase with a face as apprehensive as his lady's.

"Who will go with me?" he said, looking at the gentlemen and the men-servants. "If they are at warfare, one man will be powerless to part them."

All were ready to go; none comprehending what they were to go for, or what there was to do; and they went in a body up the stairs, bearing several lights. One of the gentlemen seized Jerome's arm;

"What do you suspect?" he asked.

"I suspect—I suspect there may be a dispute," he slowly said.

"Between whom?"

"Nay, but I know nothing. Don't detain me."

Jerome, as he spoke, took a light from the hands of one of the servants, walked quickly forward, and turned round at the door of the haunted room.

"I must go in first alone," said he, "I am the oldest retainer in the family, in the confidence of the lords of Pommeroy, and I demand it."

He passed in, and let fall the hangings, but in less than a minute he held them up.

"Walk in now; oh, woe! woe!"

Holding their breaths, the crowd pressed in, one upon another. Woe, woe! as Jerome had said; for there lay the lord of Pommeroy, beaten to death.

So, Rupert had mastered! had obtained possession of the pistol, and shot his unfortunate brother!—for the bullet was subsequently found in the head. And, either by some chance blows, or purposely, the face had been so bruised, swollen and disfigured, that scarcely a trace of the features could be discerned.

It must be remembered that those, now gazing on him, had no clue to the murderer; Jerome doubtless suspected, but he kept silence. Horror-stricken and sick, when they had gazed their fill, they began to look about the room for a solution of the mystery: Who had done it?—and how? Nothing was to be seen save the ordinary and dilapidated furniture, and the dust on the floor, disturbed as by a scuffle.

"What's this?" exclaimed one of the guests, snatching up a dark gray cloak and exhibiting it to their view. "This was not the lord's. Ah, ha! this will lead to a discovery."

"I know that," interrupted a servant. "It is Father Andrew's capuchin; he comes in it to the abbey sometimes on a winter's night."

"Father Andrew!" echoed the shocked and scandalized assemblage.

"I could swear to it," doggedly repeated the speaker; I know it by those two rents at the tail of the skirt. The father got it caught in a gate one windy evening, he said.

Father Andrew, a holy priest, and an unoffending man, attack the lord! The thing was inexplicable. Jerome, who had sat down on the edge of the velvet settee, lifted his face of misery, and slightly shook his head. That the motive had nothing to do with robbery was apparent; the lord's signet ring was on his finger, and his valuable gold watch and chain had not been touched. When his pockets came to be examined afterwards, their contents were found safe; keys, pocket-book, purse, and handkerchief with the great crest and supporters, only used by the lords of Pommeroy—the younger sons used the more simple one. The clothes were much torn, proving how severe had been the scuffle. But Father Andrew! they looked in each others amazed eyes; and where had he got to?

The last question was soon decided, for who should walk into the room but the reverend father himself; a stout man with a merry face, quite the opposite to all popular notions of a midnight murderer. The terrified women below had sent for him in haste.

"What's to do?" cried he, on the broad grin. "Somebody seen the ghost?"

They made way for him, and threw the light on the floor. Father Andrew's countenance changed, and he stepped back awestruck.

"Who is it?" whispered he. "How was it done?"

"It's the lord; and he has been murdered. Do you know this?" added the speaker, picking up the cloak.

"That's mine," said the priest.

"How came it here, father?"

A light, as of horror, seemed to break upon him. "I lent that to—to—a friend," he whispered.

"To whom?"

"Rupert Pommeroy. He came to me yesterday, and borrowed it."

There was a pause of dismay, and then arose the cry: "He cannot have escaped! he must be in the rooms."

Up they rose and searched, but no Rupert Pommeroy was there.

And though the country was scoured and tracked for several days, no Rupert Pommeroy was found, or heard of. How he had managed to escape, either from the abbey or the neighborhood, was a mystery. Perhaps time would solve it. The ill-fated lord of Pommeroy lay in state; his unsightly face, what remained of it, covered up from view: and then he was buried with all the pomp and honors customary at the interment of the chief of the Pommeroys.

Verily, the prediction had, so far, been strangely worked out. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

EPITAPH ON A CANDLE.

A WICKED one lies buried here,
Who died in a DECLINE;
He never rose in rank I fear,
Though he was born to SHINE.

He once was FAT, but then, indeed,
Grew thin as any griever;
He died, the doctors all agreed,
Of a most BURNING fever.

If e'er you said, "Go out, I pray,"
He much ill-nature showed;
On such occasions he would say,
"Vy, if I do, I'M BLOWED!"

In this his friends do all agree,
Although you think I'm joking,
When GOING OUT, 'tis said that he
Was very fond of SMOKING.

Since all religion he despised,
Let these few words suffice:
Before he ever was baptised,
They DIPPED him once or twice.

THE FRENCH LADY.—At a trial in a Vermont court, several years ago, a French lady had been subpœnaed as a witness, and was called upon to give her testimony. She was a stranger in the place, and "the Court" felt itself bound to address her in her native tongue. But "the Court's" education in the parlez-vous line had been sadly neglected, and how to administer the oath in an intelligible form to the silent lady before him, was for some moments a puzzling question. What was to be done? The Judge called upon several of the lawyers near him, but they all avowed their ignorance of the language then so supposedly necessary. Finally the counsel for the defendant, a clever Yankee, feeling himself equal to the occasion, volunteered to extricate "the Court" from its embarrassment. He accordingly rose and addressed the lady witness in these terms:

"Vous jurez zat wat you here testify shall be za truse, zi whole truse, and nossing but za truse, so help you mon Dieu?"

The lady looked for a moment at the manufacturer of this hybrid sentence in silent astonishment, then turning to "the Court," said in perfectly good English, though with a slightly foreign accent:

"What does the gentleman say?"

The effect was electrical. Such a laugh went up to the roof of that country court room, that the counsel for defendant has not heard the last of it to this day.—*Sat. Press.*

FOLLIES IN FOOD.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

In the last generation, a family of five brothers and sisters were left, by the death of their widowed mother, to choose their way of life for themselves, at ages varying from fifteen to two-and-twenty. They made a wise choice, which was acquiesced in by the guardians of the younger ones. They had no marked disease,—any one of them; but they were of a strumous constitution, their physicians admitted;—not scrofulous, but tending towards it. They resolved to devote five years to the establishment of their health, which they considered would be a good economy of time, if those years could give vigor to all that followed. There was no difficulty about money; so they took an airy country-house on a gravelly soil; bought horses for the five and two grooms, and devised a side-saddle for the girls, which would enable the rider to take either side of the horse at pleasure,—a point of some importance for girls still growing, who were to spend so much time on horseback. They were in the open air whenever the weather would possibly admit of it, varying their exercises in every imaginable way. They lived on generous diet,—beef and mutton in plenty, and good ale or porter, and, by the medical advice of the day, port wine. At the end of the five years, they were as fine a set of young people as could be seen, without a trace of disease or weakness, sound in body and mind.

Another family in a lower rank of life lost their father when they were about the same age. They had had warning; for a brother had died of some form of scrofula, and their father, who had been far from temperate, died consumptive; but they had no idea of health being a matter of choice or of duty in any way. They expected "Providence" to settle all that for them; and the consequence was, that the old mother saw one after another drop from her side, after long periods of disease. It is not necessary to dwell on the particulars. Unhappily, we have all witnessed the fate of scrofulous families, where ignorance and mismanagement aggravated the misery to the utmost. It is enough to say that the young men exposed themselves to heat and draughts without any precautions; that it never entered their heads to unload their skins (beyond their face and hands)—of the salts accumulated on the skins of working-men from day to day; and that their meals were like those of their neighbors—hot cakes, swimming in butter, for breakfast and tea; and at dinner and supper the everlasting favorite,—the "pasty;" no game pie, nor anything like it; but two thick, greasy slabs of paste, with fruit clapped in between them; or, if fruit could not be had, fresh or preserved treacle in its place. There are districts in England where whole families of working-men and apprentices are seen daily dining on such an abominable mess as this, and rarely touching or desiring meat. It is in just such neighborhoods that there are superstitions against washing. An infant's arms must not be washed before six months, or it would turn out a thief, and the parents "would not like that;" and the parents themselves are scandalised at the very mention of such rashness as washing the feet. If the doctor advises a patient to put her feet in hot water for a cold, he is told that she has not let water touch her feet for thirty years, and never will; and that she once had a daughter who ought to have been living now, but she was once advised to put her feet in hot water, and she died; not in the same year, it is true; but who can tell whether she might not have been living now if she had done like her mother? Living in a state of society like this, and knowing nothing of the art of health, the predisposed family drooped and died, or are lingering on in conspicuous disease.

These are indications worth attending to, while the Registrar-General's Report tells us that twenty in a hundred of the deaths in England, in 1857, were from "constitutional disease," by far the largest proportion being from some form of scrofulous affection, and especially consumption. No less than 68,320 persons died of consumption in England in 1857. But double the number died of diseases for which want of cleanliness and good diet are mainly answerable. As to personal cleanliness, we will only say one thing;—that very few persons seem to be aware, even after all that the Combes have written, what the precise consequences are of the skin not being thoroughly washed and rubbed every day. It is not enough to say or suppose that people feel refreshed and invigorated by bathing; for mere bathing,—a mere plunge into the Serpentine, or the sea, or any other bath,—does not answer the purpose of thorough ablution. We ought to know the process by which disease follows a loaded skin. It is simply that the skin ought to carry off several pounds a day of the waste of the body; and if it is so choked as to be unable to do this, the work is thrown upon the interior organs, which have quite enough work of their own to do. Hence come internal inflammations, disorders, and decay. The introduction of steam ought to have lessened mortality from this cause more than it has; but the perception of this advantage of the steam-engine is spreading. Many years ago, some mill owners and mining proprietors gave the benefit of the warm water of their engines to their work-people, by carrying it into a range of washing-sheds and baths. In Cornwall it seems to be a regular practice for the miners to wash in this way on leaving their work every afternoon. Let us hope that it is a more thorough washing than is described in the Reports of the Inspector of Mines in certain coal districts, where the men, duly shaven and proper in appearance on Sundays, are wearing their clean shirts over skins ingrained with six months' coal-dust. Inflammatory and choleraic diseases make prodigious havoc among an unwashed population.

Taking society all round, however, it appears that more young people are killed by mistakes about food than about anything else except air. The mistakes about food are so various, so opposite, that, while we are ashamed of our ignorance, we may hope for a great saving of life when we grow wiser. "Doctor," said an American clergyman to the family physician who was attending the mother, "do look at that girl's tongue." "Oh, father, I am very well," said the young lady; "as well as I always am." But the doctor looked at the tongue, and observed that it was just as white as every young person's tongue he looked at. "They are all alike," said he. "Why? Why people must have more or less fever while they eat as young people eat here; and without proper exercise too." He criticised the American diet; which it is not our business to do while we have so much to correct in our own. The young people in both countries suffer and die in much the same way; the Americans more and the English less; but both very unnecessarily. The mistake is the same, whether the diet be the same or different.

The mortality detailed by Dr. Farr, relates, we must remember, to all classes. When we read of errors in diet, we usually think of the tables of the rich, as we imagine them, and suppose that luxurious people are over fed. In the first place, this appears to be a mistake, by the testimony of physicians; and in the next, if it were true we need not dwell upon it, because the rich and luxurious must always be the smallest class of the English or any other people. It is enough to say that wise modern physicians have been heard to declare that English ladies are not, generally speaking, sufficiently well fed. They take enough in bulk, perhaps, but not nutritious and reparative food. They would be more robust and less nervous if they lived rather more as ladies did in Queen Elizabeth's time, consuming more beef and manchet and (if earned by strong exercise, not otherwise) good ale. As for the late dinners which we are all so shocked at, they had better be called suppers. If the gentlemen do not take a substantial luncheon in the middle of the day, they ought; and the ladies do. They in fact dine with the children at one or two o'clock. The leg of mutton or cold beef then is their real dinner. They have tea at five or six, with or without the children; and then, if they choose to call the eight o'clock meal dinner they can; but it in fact answers to the supper of old days. A few spoonsful of soup, a wing of fowl or game, a plate of jelly or cream, and ice and fruit afterwards, may be all very pretty, but it bears no comparison as a dinner to the mutton and pudding at two o'clock. Many gentlemen do make their real dinner at the nominal time; and hence the great amount of disease among professional men and the rich merchant class in London. Now it is the stomach that gives way, and now it is the nerves. Paralysis knocks down one, choleraic disease carries off another, and dyspepsia makes life a long misery to a third; and who can wonder, when that class of gentlemen breakfast early (if men of business in any way), and work their brains all day, without another proper meal, or perhaps any food at all, for twelve hours? The expenditure of alimentary material may be great in the kitchens of the rich—as in the making of the famous white soup in the Queen's kitchen—but the higher classes are not in this country over-fed.

The next class is nearer to reason in its ostensible practice than perhaps any other in the country. Three meals a day, with a small interlude, and at nearly reasonable times, seem to promise well; and if one sort of citizen is better nourished than another, it is probably the ordinary man of business in town and country, who likes his joint and pudding at dinner, and the loaf of good home-made bread, with country butter and eggs at breakfast and tea. Yet there are drawbacks here. The wife is not complacent about her table, and her daughters do not eat as girls should; and her sons at times look critical. The fault here is, not in the theory, not in the hours, not in the tradesmen who supply the house, but in the cookery. Without incurring the reproach of grumbling at one's own age of the world, or saying that "the former times were better than these," one may state the plain fact, that the custom of our country used to be for the housewives of all ranks to be responsible for the table at home, and to claim that responsibility as a matter of right—as a point of honor as well as of duty. To declare this is to say that the case is otherwise now.

A new saying has recently obtained a wide circulation—"That you should discharge your cook for no offence short of murder." Send her away, and you will never have another; for two real cooks in a lifetime are more than any one has a right to expect. Why are there so few cooks? Simply because the demand for them has declined. So it is, in the very face of the new saying. Cooks are wanted more than ever; but not good ones, because housewives do not know how to set about requiring high qualities in a cook, and are accustomed to put up with what they can get, or to hire on blind speculation. Middle-class housewives in England cannot cook, generally speaking; and, moreover, they do not know what to require, what to order, and how far to superintend. Their mothers did not teach them; we have no schools for the homely domestic arts; and how should they know any more of housewifery than of law, physic, or divinity? If the truth were known, this is one of the depressing influences which bear down the spirit and health of the maidenhood of England. Thousands of girls are painfully conscious of ignorance which is, and ought to be, regarded as a disgrace; and, when intending to marry, a heavy weight of care sits at the heart from the sense of the chances against their being able to make their husbands' homes comfortable, and the scene of complacency that the home of every good wife should be. After marriage it is worse. If the deficiency is repaired, it is through severe humiliation on the one part, and great forbearance on the other; and the cases are few in which it can be thoroughly repaired.

What is to be done? for cooking does not come by nature, nor even ordering a table by observation. The art must be learned, like other arts, by proper instruction. We want, and we must have, schools of domestic management now that every home is not such a school. Mothers can, at least, teach their daughters to know one sort of meat from another, and one joint from another, and, in a rougher or more thorough way, what to order in the every-day way and for guests. Thus much, then, every girl should know, from childhood upwards. A little practice of observation in the markets would soon teach a willing learner to distinguish prime articles from inferior kinds, and to know what fish, flesh, fowl, and fruits are in season every month in the year. We have seen ladies buying pork under the sweltering summer sun, and inquiring for geese in January and July, and taking up with skinny rabbits in May, and letting the season of mackerel, herring, salmon, and all manner of fish pass over unused.

Everybody is glad to hear of the introduction of cookery into industrial schools, here and there. But much more than this is wanted; and there can be little doubt that if well-qualified cooks would open schools in London and all our large towns for the instruction of ladies and housekeepers, they would meet with signal success. It is probably true that almost every little girl is fond of the household arts, and delights in cooking, especially; and it is certainly true that a multitude of young ladies, married and single, would give all they are worth to be as much at home at the head of their households as their grandmothers were. Till this new-old branch of female education is placed within reach of the whole sex, there will be sickness and mortality, as well as waste of the national resources, from the whole of society being at the mercy of its cooks—not a tenth part of whom are worthy of the honorable name.

How is it in that class in which every wife is the household cook, or at least the directress of the kitchen? How do the affairs of the table prosper in that substantial class which includes our farmers, country shopkeepers, and superior artisans? We are sorry to say—but physicians and tradesmen will testify to the fact—that the mortality of the country is increased by the habit of over-eating which exists in thousands of households of this order. Not in all; and great honor is due to those who adopt a sensible diet, because it is apt to be stigmatised as meanness; but, as a general fact, the habit of over-eating destroys health and life to a grievous amount in that order of citizens in which a gross table is regarded as a liberal and kindly mode of living. As to the true old English farm-house, there is no better picture of its habits as to meals and hospitality than one given by Mr. Howitt, in (if we remember right) his "Rural Life in England." The quantity on the table at one time, the perpetual arrivals of more, the constant succession of meals all day, and the urgent persuasions to guests to eat, and reproaches for not eating enough, are just like the experience of townspeople who some time in their lives were suddenly introduced into rural society. The ordinary mode of life on a Yorkshire grazing farm is abundantly surprising to persons who have doubted about taking luncheon while eating three meals a day. Mistress and maid are stirring early to make the porridge for the household, breakfast being at seven. The vast bowls of porridge and quarts of milk being dispatched, there is barely time for the chamber-work before lunch has to be sent out to the fields—huge baskets of bread, oatcake and cheese, with bottles of beer. This is from half-past nine to ten. At twelve dinner smokes on the long board—great pieces of pork, beef, or mutton, or all three; or vast pies and puddings, and cheese, and rice-milk, and ale; and the board is pretty well cleared in half an hour. At three the baskets go again into the field with the afternoon lunch—bread, cheese, and beer as before. At five all assemble for tea, which is porridge and milk, as at breakfast. At eight, there is supper—cold meat, hot potatoes, oatcake, and cheese. By that time the women have done cooking for the day, and, the board being cleared, they sit down to mend stockings, the farmer reads the newspaper at his own round table, with his own candle; and the men nudge each other to keep awake, or nod forwards, or join to prick or pinch or punch any particularly sleepy sinner, till nine o'clock strikes, and they slink off to bed. However strong the exercise taken by such a household, it is still subject to fever, liver complaints, diarrhœa, and rheumatism, besides that torpidity of brain which is in itself a preparation for disease. The strongest and most active brains resist disease the best and the longest. Not the overwrought brains, be it observed, but the most generally exercised, which keep up the highest vitality over the widest range of human powers. One does not look for this kind of brain among clowns who eat five or six meals a day, and know and care nothing about the world outside the farm fences.

But the small shopkeepers in towns are a very different class, from whom a higher intelligence might be expected; yet they are apt to eat twice as much as is good for them. Observe the master or mistress of the household at market. What a quantity of prime fish is bought! what ducks, geese, and turkeys, besides joints, and odds and ends of dainties! What peas and asparagus and seacale! What vast cheeses, and cream cheeses, and curds, and gallons of fruit, and mounds of butter! But, to come to particulars, here is an illustration.

A friend of ours—a surgeon's wife—was informed one day about noon that a patient desired to see her in the waiting-room. She answered this odd request by going there, when she found two persons in great alarm, and distressed that the surgeon was not expected home for two hours. The wife of a small shopkeeper was ill, and a friend had come with her, in hope of obtaining immediate relief. They could not explain what was the matter, but would be glad of any advice. The poor woman said she felt so miserable she did not know what to do, and her throat was quite unlike in shape to its usual state; and she could scarcely breathe, and had such an oppression, &c. The lady saw immediately that it was a case of violent indigestion. She said that it was not her practice to prescribe for her husband's patients, but she could recommend a simple medicine for relieving the immediate oppression, which would pass the time till medical advice could be had. What she heard of the eating of that day and the preceding astonished her; but in the evening her husband said she had not told him nearly all that had gone down the woman's throat, which was, as nearly as we can remember, this—perhaps more, certainly not less.

There was a large fine salmon in the case—a present. A friend came to pass the day, and the salmon was cooked for dinner, superseding a bullock's heart stuffed with onions. There

was a pie, and there were puddings, and other things at dinner; but the great salmon was the main feature. At tea, at five, there were hot buttered cakes and buttered toast, and the heart stuffed with onions, and sweet cake, of course; and at eight there was supper, viz.: fried soles and potatoes, an apple pie and custard, cheese and porter. At breakfast next morning the salmon was proceeded with; and the patient had partaken plentifully of it, and had also fortified herself with lunch before going to the doctor. If, as we are assured, this is only a fair specimen of the diet of thousands of families in England, it is no wonder that we suffer under that dreary collection of diseases that Adam saw going into hospital, by dismal anticipation, as related in Paradise Lost. If we set against these the consequences of under-feeding, we may see how far we are from wisdom. On the subject of deficient food we will not enter. Nobody needs convincing of the horrors of it. The practical question is, whether any means can be found of saving the lives of young people who have been brought up to overload their stomachs (under the idea of fostering their strength and living generously), that there may be the more food left in the market for those who now have not enough. There are a few places within the United Kingdom where instruction is given in regard to the constitution and management of the human frame. If there were schools enough to teach the girls of the middle classes the leading truths about diet, in relation to health, the next generation would be happier than the last. The well-to-do would have better health—quiet nights, easy and cheerful days, freedom from nightmare and indigestion, a longer life and a merrier one than now; and the poor people below them would have a better chance of keeping body and soul together, and being in an amiable mood towards God and man. Can one not imagine the surplus left over by a wise generation of farmers and shopkeepers spread out in the wilderness for the poor? For it should be remembered that food of all kinds is one of the commodities which is, at each particular time, limited in quantity; so that to waste it is to deprive somebody. If this were fairly understood by those who eat meat three times a day, more persons would have it once.

One practical point, which would assist the due feeding of the under-fed, need not wait for a general advance in education. To enable the poorer classes to turn food to the best account is much the same thing as putting more within their reach; and this could easily be done. It actually is done in a few places where cooking is taught on system in industrial schools; and there is no apparent reason why there should not be schools of cookery for poor children, as well as for young ladies in London, and for soldiers in the camp. Why should we not all learn to cook? We have cookery-books for the great, and also for the million; but cookery-books are of little value till there is some aptitude at the practice. Let half-a-dozen popular teachers like Soyer (but who *is* like him!) travel through the country, each with a portable kitchen, and show all the women and girls in town and country the best way to make and cook the common preparations of food; and the benefit will be equal to a rise of wages to the laboring man at once. The mere secret of the stew—now rarely or never seen on the cottage table—would be as good as another shilling a week in health and strength. It is difficult to stop here, on the verge of a great and enticing subject; but we can say only one thing now—that there are literally thousands of mourning parents in England at this moment, whose manly young sons and once promising daughters are in their graves because their fathers made mistakes in providing the family food, and their mothers did not know how to set it before them. The mind recoils from such a statement, but it is true; and it ought therefore to be set down plainly. The mind also recoils from the statement that the cholera is at Dantzic and at Hamburg; and not altogether absent from England; but it is true, and ought to be told; and with it the further truth that if every family in the kingdom sat down in pure air, in a state of personal cleanliness, to three meals a day of good common food, well cooked, and earned by fair work of body and mind, the cholera would be kept out more surely than by a wall of brass, or would fly over us like the first raven we hear of, and go back to its haunts, for want of some place whereon to alight. It will be some time before that can happen. Meanwhile, what can each of us do to save some of the thousands who are forever dropping into well-known pitfalls around the thresholds of adult life?

A Thousand Dollars an Acre for Cape Cod Bogs.—Cape Cod bogs, as every body knows, are good for nothing but cranberry culture. This land, well prepared and planted with cranberry vines, is estimated at scarcely less than a thousand dollars an acre. Under favorable circumstances a barrel of cranberries will grow upon a rod square in a season. This berry is now contracted for at twelve dollars a barrel. Shipmasters say they have noticed cranberries bottled and for sale in London, labelled "Cape Cod Cranberries."

It was denied that France seeks any indemnity from Sardinia for the expenses of the war, and the denial is accompanied by the statement that she merely asks for the payment of the advances made by her to that power.

Recantation of Dr. Forbes.—The Rev. John Murray Forbes, D. D., former rector of St. Luke's Protestant Episcopal Church, has addressed a letter to Archbishop Hughes, in which he announces his withdrawal from the Roman Catholic Church. He does so, he says, because experience and observation have convinced him that he has committed a grave error, which, publicly made, should be publicly repaired.

Mr. Roger L. Pryor (Dem.) has been elected to Congress from the Petersburg (Virginia) district, by 1,200 to 1,600 majority.

Soldering Broken Limbs.—Mr. Milne Edwards has been making some experiments in feeding animals, whose limbs had been broken, with phosphate of lime. Out of six rabbits and ten dogs, whose legs he broke in the same way, half were fed on food mixed with ground bones, and their bones united much more rapidly than those of the unphosphated animals. He thinks the use in human cases would be decidedly beneficial.

The latest rumors are to the effect that the Great Eastern would sail for America about the 29th of October.

The China mail had reached England, and the details of her news state that the American Minister, Mr. Ward, had been courteously received at Pekin, and expected to be able to send home the ratified treaty by the next mail.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

IN THREE BOOKS.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

Book the Third. The Track of a Storm.

CHAPTER IX.

THE GAME MADE.

While Sydney Carton and the Sheep of the prisons were in the adjoining dark room, speaking so low that not a sound was heard, Mr. Lorry looked at Jerry in considerable doubt and mistrust. That honest tradesman's manner of receiving the look, did not inspire confidence; he changed the leg on which he rested, as often as if he had fifty of those limbs, and were trying them all; he examined his finger-nails with a very questionable closeness of attention; and whenever Mr. Lorry's eye caught his, he was taken with that peculiar kind of short cough requiring the hollow of a hand before it, which is seldom, if ever, known to be an infirmity attendant on perfect openness of character.

"Jerry," said Mr. Lorry. "Come here."

Mr. Cruncher came forward sideways, with one of his shoulders in advance of him.

"What have you been besides a messenger?"

After some cogitation, accompanied with an intent look at his patron, Mr. Cruncher conceived the luminous idea of replying, "Agricultooral character."

"My mind misgives me much," said Mr. Lorry, angrily shaking a forefinger at him, "that you have used the respectable and great house of Tellson's as a blind, and that you have had an unlawful occupation of an infamous description. If you have, don't expect me to befriend you when you get back to England. If you have, don't expect me to keep your secret. Tellson's shall not be imposed upon."

"I hope, sir," pleaded the abashed Mr. Cruncher, "that a gentleman like yourself wot I've had the honor of odd jobbing till I'm gray at it, would think twice about harming of me, even if it wos so—I don't say it is, but even if it wos. And which it is to be took into account that if it wos, it wouldn't, even then, be all o' one side. There'd be two sides to it. There might be medical doctors at the present hour, a picking up their guineas where a honest tradesman don't pick up his fardens—fardens! no, nor yet his half fardens—half fardens! no, nor yet his quarter—a banking away like smoke at Tellson's, and a cocking their medical eyes at that tradesman on the sly, a going in and going out to their own carriages—ah! equally like smoke, if not more so. Well, that 'ud be imposing, too, on Tellson's. For you cannot sarse the goose and not the gander. And here's Mrs. Cruncher, or leastways wos in the Old England times, and would be to-morrow, if cause given, a floppin' agen the business to that degree as is ruinating—stark ruinating! Whereas them medical doctors' wives don't flop—catch 'em at it! Or, if they flop, their floppings goes in favor of more patients, and how can you rightly have one without the t'other? Then, wot with undertakers, and wot with parish clerks, and wot with sextons, and wot with private watchmen (all awaricious and all in it), a man wouldn't get much by it, even if it was so. And wot little a man did get, would never prosper with him, Mr. Lorry. He'd never have no good of it; he'd want all along to be out of the line, if he could see his way out, being once in—even if it wos so."

"Ugh!" cried Mr. Lorry, rather relenting, nevertheless. "I am shocked at the sight of you."

"Now, what I would humbly offer to you, sir," pursued Mr. Cruncher, "even if it wos so, which I don't say it is—"

"Don't prevaricate," said Mr. Lorry.

"No, I will *not*, sir," returned Mr. Cruncher, as if nothing were further from his thoughts or practice—"which I don't say it is—wot I would humbly offer to you, sir, would be this. Upon that there stool, at that there Bar, sets that there boy of mine, brought up and growed up to be a man, wot will errand you, message you, general light-job you, till your heels is where your head is, if such should be your wishes. If it wos so, which I still don't say it is (for I will not prewaricate to you, sir,) let that there boy keep his father's place and take care of his mother; don't blow upon that boy's father—do not do it, sir—and let that father go into the line of the reg'lar diggin', and make amends for what he would have un-dug—if it wos so—by diggin' of 'em in with a will, and with convictions respectin' the future keepin' of 'em safe. That, Mr. Lorry," said Mr. Cruncher, wiping his forehead with his arm, as an announcement that he had arrived at the peroration of his discourse, "is wot I would respectfully offer to you, sir. A man don't see all this here a goin' on dreadful round him, in the way of Subjects without heads, dear me, plentiful enough far to bring the price down to porterage and hardly that, without havin' his serious thoughts of things. And these here would be mine, if it wos so, entreatin' of you fur to bear in mind that wot I said just now, I up and said in the good cause when I might have kep' it back."

"That at least is true," said Mr. Lorry. "Say no more now. It may be that I shall yet stand your friend, if you deserve it, and repent in action—not in words. I want no more words."

Mr. Cruncher knuckled his forehead, as Sydney Carton and the spy returned from the dark room.

"Adieu, Mr. Barsad," said the former; "our arrangement thus made, you have nothing to fear from me."

He sat down in a chair on the hearth, over against Mr. Lorry. When they were alone, Mr. Lorry asked him what he had done?

"Not much. If it should go ill with the prisoner, I have insured access to him, once."

Mr. Lorry's countenance fell.

"It is all I could do," said Carton. "To propose too much, would be to put this man's head under the axe, and, as he himself said, nothing worse could happen to him if he were denounced. It was obviously the weakness of the position. There is no help for it."

"But access to him," said Mr. Lorry, "if it should go ill before the tribunal, will not save him."

"I never said it would."

Mr. Lorry's eyes gradually sought the fire; his sympathy with his darling, and the heavy disappointment of this second arrest, gradually weakened them; he was an old man now, overborne with anxiety of late, and his tears fell.

"You are a good man and a true friend," said Carton, in an altered voice. "Forgive me if I notice that you are affected. I could not see my father weep, and sit by, careless. And I could not respect your sorrow more, if you were my father. You are free from that misfortune, however."

Though he said the last words, with a slip into his usual manner, there was a true feeling and respect both in his tone and in his touch, that Mr. Lorry, who had never seen the better side of him, was wholly unprepared for. He gave him his hand, and Carton gently pressed it.

"To return to poor Darnay," said Carton. "Don't tell Her of this interview, or this arrangement. It would not enable Her to go to see him. She might think it was contrived, in case of the worst, to convey to him the means of anticipating the sentence."

Mr. Lorry had not thought of that, and he looked quickly at Carton to see if it were in his mind. It seemed to be; he returned the look, and evidently understood it.

"She might think a thousand things," he said, "and any of them would only add to her trouble. Don't speak of me to her. As I said to you when I first came, I had better not see her. I can put my hand out to do any little helpful work for her that my hand can find to do, without that. You are going to her, I hope? She must be very desolate to-night."

"I am going now, directly."

"I am glad of that. She has such a strong attachment to you and reliance on you. How does she look?"

"Anxious and unhappy, but very beautiful."

"Ah!"

It was a long, grieving sound, like a sigh—almost like a sob. It attracted Mr. Lorry's eyes to Carton's face, which was turned to the fire. A light, or a shade (the old gentleman could not have said which,) passed from it as swiftly as a change will sweep over a hill-side on a wild bright day, and he lifted his foot to put back one of the little flaming logs, which was tumbling forward. He wore the white riding-coat and top-boots, then in vogue, and the light of the fire touching their light surfaces made him look very pale, with his long, brown hair, all untrimmed, hanging loose about him. His indifference to fire was sufficiently remarkable to elicit a word of remonstrance from Mr. Lorry; his boot was still upon the hot embers of the flaming log, when it had broken under the weight of his foot.

"I forgot it," he said.

Mr. Lorry's eyes were again attracted to his face. Taking note of the wasted air which clouded the naturally handsome features, and having the expression of prisoners' faces fresh in his mind, he was strongly reminded of that expression.

"And your duties here have drawn to an end, sir?" said Carton, turning to him.

"Yes. As I was telling you last night when Lucie came in so unexpectedly, I have at length done all that I can do here. I hoped to have left them in perfect safety, and then to have quitted Paris. I have my Leave to Pass. I was ready to go."

They were both silent.

"Yours is a long life to look back upon, sir," said Carton, wistfully.

"I am in my seventy-eighth year."

"You have been useful all your life; steadily and constantly occupied; trusted, respected, and looked up to?"

"I have been a man of business ever since I have been a man. Indeed, I may say that I was a man of business when a boy."

"See what a place you fill at seventy-eight. How many people will miss you when you leave it empty."

"A solitary old bachelor," answered Mr. Lorry, shaking his head. "There is nobody to weep for me."

"How can you say that? Wouldn't She weep for you? Wouldn't her child?"

"Yes, yes, thank God! I didn't quite mean what I said."

"It *is* a thing to thank God for, is it not?"

"Surely, surely."

"If you could say, with truth, to your own solitary heart, to-night, 'I have secured to myself the love and attachment, the gratitude or respect, of no human creature; I have won myself a tender place in no regard; I have done nothing good or serviceable to be remembered by!' your seventy-eight years would be seventy-eight heavy curses; would they not?"

"You say truly, Mr. Carton; I think they would be."

Sydney turned his eyes again upon the fire, and, after a silence of a few moments, said,

"I should like to ask you: Does your childhood seem far off? Do the days when you sat at your mother's knee, seem days of very long ago?"

Responding to his softened manner, Mr. Lorry answered,

"Twenty years back, yes; at this time of my life, no. For, as I draw closer and closer to the end, I travel in the circle, nearer and nearer to the beginning. It seems to be one of the kind smoothings and preparings of the way. My heart is touched now, by many remembrances that had long fallen asleep, of my pretty young mother (and I so old!) and by many associations of the days when what we call the world was not so real with me, and my faults were not confirmed in me."

"I understand the feeling!" exclaimed Carton, with a bright flush. "And you are the better for it?"

"I hope so."

Carton terminated the conversation here, by rising to help him on with his outer coat; "But you," said Mr. Lorry, reverting to the theme, "you are young."

"Yes," said Carton; "I am not old, but my young way was never the way to age. Enough of me."

"And of me, I am sure," said Mr. Lorry. "Are you going out?"

"I'll walk with you to her gate. You know my vagabond and restless habits. If I should prowl about the streets a long time, don't be uneasy; I shall reappear in the morning. You go to the court to-morrow?"

"Yes, unhappily."

"I shall be there, but only as one of the crowd. My Spy will find a place for me. Take my arm, sir."

Mr. Lorry did so, and they went down stairs and out in the streets. A few minutes brought them to Mr. Lorry's destination. Carton left him there; but lingered at a little distance, and turned back to the gate again when it was shut, and touched it. He had heard of her going to the prison every day.

"She came out here," he said, looking about him, "turned this way, must have trod on these stones often. Let me follow in her steps."

It was ten o'clock at night, when he stood before the prison of La Force, where she had stood hundreds of times. A little wood-sawyer, having closed his shop, was smoking his pipe at his shop-door.

"Good night, citizen," said Sydney Carton, pausing in going by; for, the man eyed him inquisitively.

"Good-night, citizen."

"How goes the Republic?"

"You mean the guillotine. Not ill. Sixty-three to-day. We shall mount to a hundred soon. Samson and his men complain sometimes, of being exhausted. Ha, ha, ha! He is so droll, that Samson. Such a barber!"

"Do you often go to see him—"

"Shave? Always. Every day. What a barber! You have seen him at work?"

"Never."

"Go and see him when he has a good batch. Figure this to yourself, citizen; he shaved the sixty-three to-day, in less than two pipes! Less than two pipes. Word of honor!"

As the grinning little man held out the pipe he was smoking, to explain how he timed the executioner, Carton was so sensible of a rising desire to strike the life out of him, that he turned away.

"But you are not English," said the wood-sawyer, "though you wear English dress?"

"Yes," said Carton, pausing again, and answering over his shoulder.

"You speak like a Frenchman."

"I am an old student here."

"Aha, a perfect Frenchman! Good-night, Englishman."

"Good-night, citizen."

"But go and see that droll dog," the little man persisted, calling after him. "And take a pipe with you!"

Sydney had not gone far out of sight, when he stopped in the middle of the street under a glimmering lamp, and wrote with his pencil on a scrap of paper. Then, traversing with the decided step of one who remembered the way well, several dark and dirty streets—much dirtier than usual, for the best public thoroughfares remained uncleansed in those times of terror—he stopped at a chemist's shop, which the owner was closing with his own hands. A small, dim, crooked shop, kept in a tortuous, up-hill thoroughfare, by a small, dim, crooked man.

Giving this citizen, too, good-night, as he confronted him at his counter, he laid the scrap of paper before him.

"Whew!" the chemist whistled softly, as he read it. "Hi! hi! hi!"

Sydney Carton took no heed, and the chemist said,

"For you, citizen?"

"For me."

"You will be careful to keep them separate, citizen? You know the consequences of mixing them?"

"Perfectly."

Certain small packets were made and given to him. He put them, one by one, in the breast of his inner coat, counted out the money for them, and deliberately left the shop. "There is nothing more to do," said he, glancing upward at the moon, "until to-morrow. I can't sleep."

It was not a reckless manner, the manner in which he said these words aloud under the fast-sailing clouds, nor was it more expressive of negligence than defiance. It was the settled manner of a tired man, who had wandered and struggled and got lost, but who at length struck into his road and saw its end.

Long ago, when he had been famous among his earliest competitors as a youth of great promise, he had followed his father to the grave. His mother had died years before. These solemn words, which had been read at his father's grave, arose in his mind as he went down the dark streets, among the heavy shadows, with the moon and the clouds sailing on high above him. "I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord: he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me, shall never die."

In a city dominated by the axe, alone at night, with natural sorrow rising in him for the sixty-three who had been that day put to death, and for to-morrow's victims then awaiting their doom in the prisons, and still of to-morrow's and to-morrow's, the chain of association that brought the words home, like a rusty old ship's anchor from the deep, might have been easily found. He did not seek it, but repeated them and went on.

With a solemn interest in the lighted windows where the people were going to rest, forgetful through a few calm hours of the horrors surrounding them; in the towers of the churches, where no prayers were said, for the popular revulsion had even travelled that length of self-destruction from years of priestly impostors, plunderers, and profligates; in the distant burial-places, reserved, as they wrote upon the gates, for Eternal Sleep; in the abounding gaols: and in the streets along which the sixties rolled to a death which had become so common and material, that no sorrowful story of a haunting Spirit ever arose among the people out of all the working of the guillotine: with a solemn interest in the whole life and death of the city settling down to its short nightly pause in fury; Sydney Carton crossed the Seine again for the lighter streets.

Few coaches were abroad, for riders in coaches were liable to be suspected, and gentility hid its head in red nightcaps, and put on heavy shoes, and trudged. But, the theatres were all well filled, and the people poured cheerfully out as he passed, and went chatting home. At one of the theatre doors, there was a little girl with a mother, looking for a way across the street through the mud. He carried the child over, and before the timid arm was loose from his neck asked her for a kiss.

"I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord: he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me, shall never die."

Now, that the streets were quiet, and the night wore on, the words were in the echoes of his feet, and were in the air. Perfectly calm and steady, he sometimes repeated them to himself as he walked; but, he heard them always.

The night wore out, and, as he stood upon the bridge listening to the water as it splashed the river-walls of the Island of Paris, where the picturesque confusion of houses and cathedral shone bright in the light of the moon, the day came coldly, looking like a dead face out of the sky. Then, the night, with the moon and the stars, turned pale and died, and for a little while it seemed as if Creation were delivered over to Death's dominion.

But, the glorious sun, rising, seemed to strike those words, that burden of the night, straight and warm to his heart in its long, bright rays. And looking along them, with reverently shaded eyes, a bridge of light appeared to span the air between him and the sun, while the river sparkled under it.

The strong tide, so swift, so deep, and certain, was like a congenial friend, in the morning stillness. He walked by the stream, far from the houses, and in the light and warmth of the sun fell asleep on the bank. When he awoke and was afoot again he lingered there yet a little longer, watching an eddy that turned and turned purposeless, until the stream absorbed it, and carried it on to the sea.—"Like me!"

A trading-boat, with a sail of the softened color of a dead leaf, then glided into his view, floated by him, and died away. As its silent track in the water disappeared, the prayer that had broken up out of his heart for a merciful consideration of all his poor blindnesses and errors, ended in the words, "I am the resurrection and the life."

Mr. Lorry was already out when he got back, and it was easy to surmise where the good old man was gone. Sydney Carton drank nothing but a little coffee, ate some bread, and, having washed and changed to refresh himself, went out to the place of trial.

The court was all astir and a-buzz, when the black sheep—whom many fell away from in dread—pressed him into an obscure corner among the crowd. Mr. Lorry was there, and Doctor Manette was there. She was there, sitting beside her father.

When her husband was brought in, she turned a look upon him, so sustaining, so encouraging, so full of admiring love and pitying tenderness, yet so courageous for his sake, that it called the healthy blood into his face, brightened his glance, and animated his heart. If there had been any eyes to notice the influence of her look, on Sydney Carton, it would have been seen to be the same influence exactly.

Before that unjust Tribunal, there was little or no order of procedure, ensuring to any accused person any reasonable hearing. There could have been no such Revolution, if all laws, forms, and ceremonies, had not first been so monstrously abused, that the suicidal vengeance of the Revolution was to scatter them all to the winds.

Every eye was turned to the jury. The same determined patriots and good republicans as yesterday and the day before, and to-morrow and the day after. Eager and prominent among them, one man with a craving face, and his fingers perpetually hovering about his lips, whose appearance gave great satisfaction to the spectators. A life-thirsting, cannibal-looking, bloody-minded juryman, the Jacques Three of Saint Antoine. The whole jury, as a jury of dogs empannelled to try the deer.

Every eye then turned to the five judges and the public prosecutor. No favorable leaning in that quarter, to-day. A fell, uncompromising, murderous business-meaning there.—Every eye then sought some other eye in the crowd, and gleamed at it approvingly; and heads nodded at one another, before bending forward with a strained attention.

Charles Evremonde, called Darnay. Released yesterday. Re-accused and re-taken yesterday. Indictment delivered to him last night. Suspected and Denounced enemy of the Republic, Aristocrat, one of a family of tyrants, one of a race proscribed, for that they had used their abolished privileges, to the infamous oppression of the people. Charles Evremonde, called Darnay, in right of such proscription, absolutely Dead in Law.

To this effect, in as few or fewer words, the Public Prosecutor.

The President asked, was the Accused openly denounced or secretly?

"Openly, President."

"By whom?"

"Three voices. Ernest Defarge, wine-vender of Saint Antoine."

"Good."

"Therese Defarge, his wife."

"Good."

"Alexandre Manette, physician."

A great uproar took place in the court, and in the midst of it Doctor Manette was seen, pale and trembling, standing where he had been seated.

"President, I indignantly protest to you that this is a forgery and a fraud. You know the accused to be the husband of my daughter. My daughter, and those dear to her, are far dearer to me than my life. Who and where is the false conspirator who says that I denounce the husband of my child?"

"Citizen Manette, be tranquil. To fail in submission to the authority of the Tribunal would be to put yourself out of Law. As to what is dearer to you than life, nothing can be so dear to a good citizen as the Republic!"

Loud acclamations hailed this rebuke. The President rang his bell, and with warmth resumed.

"If the Republic should demand of you the sacrifice of your child herself, you would have no duty but to sacrifice her. Listen to what is to follow. In the meanwhile, be silent!"

Frantic acclamations were again raised. Doctor Manette sat down, with his eyes looking around and his lips trembling; his daughter drew closer to him. The craving man on the jury rubbed his hands together, and restored the usual hand to his mouth.

Defarge was produced, when the court was quiet enough to admit of his being heard, and rapidly expounded the story of the imprisonment, and of his having been a mere boy in the Doctor's service, and of the release, and of the state of the prisoner when released and delivered to him. This short examination followed, for the court was quick with its work.

"You did good service at the taking of the Bastille, citizen?"

"I believe so."

Here an excited woman screeched from the crowd:

"You were one of the best patriots there.—Why not say so? You were a cannonier that day there, and you were among the first to enter the accursed fortress when it fell. Patriots, I speak the truth!"

It was The Vengeance who, amidst the warm commendations of the audience, thus assisted the proceedings. The President rang his bell, but, The Vengeance, warming with encouragements shrieked, "I defy that bell!" wherein she was likewise much commended.

"Inform the Tribunal of what you did that day within the Bastille, citizen."

"I knew," said Defarge, looking down at his wife, who stood at the bottom of the steps on which he was raised, looking steadily up at him, "I knew that this prisoner, of whom I speak, had been confined in a cell known as One Hundred and Five, North Tower. I knew it from himself. He knew himself by no other name than One Hundred and Five, North Tower, when he made shoes under my care.—As I serve my gun that day, I resolve, when the place shall fall, to examine that cell. It falls. I mount to the cell, with a fellow-citizen who is one of the Jury, directed by a gaoler. I examine it very closely. In a hole in the chimney, where a stone has been worked out and replaced, I find a written paper.—This is that written paper. I have made it my business to examine some specimens of the writing of Doctor Manette. This is the writing of Doctor Manette. I confide this paper, in the writing of Doctor Manette, to the hands of the President."

"Let it be read."

In a dead silence and stillness—the prisoner under trial looking lovingly at his wife, his wife only looking from him to look with solicitude at her father, Doctor Manette keeping his eyes fixed on the reader, Madame Defarge never taking hers from the prisoner, Defarge never taking his from his fearing wife, and all the other eyes there intent upon the Doctor, who saw none of them—the paper was read, as follows:

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NEWS ITEMS.

Those Arms.—The Boston Transcript says:—"The direct charge that the arms of the Emigrant Aid Company were used by Captain Brown, in his insurrection at Harper's Ferry, is devoid of truth. We have the best authority for stating that 'the company has never invested a dollar in cannon or rifles, in powder or lead, or in any of the implements of war,' for use in Kansas, or anywhere else."

Cancer and Tobacco.—M. Bouisson, a French writer, has made some very remarkable researches upon the danger of smoking. He states that cancer in the mouth has grown so frequent from the use of tobacco, that it now forms one of the most dreaded diseases in the hospitals. From 1845 to 1859, he has himself performed sixty-eight operations for cancers in the lips in the Hospital St. Eloi. The use of tobacco rarely produces lip cancer in youth. Almost all of Bouisson's patients had passed the age of forty. The disease is also more frequent with individuals of the humbler class, who smoke short pipes, and tobacco of inferior quality, while with the orientals who are careful to preserve the coolness of the mouth-piece by the transmission of the smoke through water it is unknown, showing that it is generated more by the constant application of heat to the lips, than by the inhaling of nicotine.

In the course of a recent lecture in this city, on his Congressional career, Mr. Giddings, of Ohio, said that "during his Congressional career he had at times uttered language which after-reflection made him deeply regret. He had said at one time that, when the South was ravaged with the horrors of insurrection, he would laugh at their calamity, and mock when their fear cometh; but he felt free to say that such words were not the feelings of his heart. He belied his own nature when he said anything that might seem to favor blood or rebellion on the part of any class of men. [Applause.]"

Captain Cook Taken to Virginia.—Chambersburg, Oct. 27.—Captain Cook was taken to Virginia to-day, on the requisition of Governor Wise, by officers from Virginia, accompanied by the parties that arrested him.

Three Sharpe's rifles and a quanity of ammunition were found in the woods near the place this morning, by some boys, who were hunting rabbits. One of the rifles has C. P. Tidd's name on the mounting. The others are both marked "C. B." They were no doubt placed under the bushes last night by the three men left by Cook on the mountain. The Washington pistol has not been recovered, and nothing has been seen of the men.

Governor Packer promptly ordered that Capt. John E. Cook, and Haslett, in the Carlisle prison, be delivered up to the authorities of Virginia for trial. The person who arrested Cook, is said to be a nephew of Gerrit Smith.

A Clergyman of Concord, N. H., so says the Statesman of that place, met a little boy of his acquaintance on the cars, and said to him, "This is quite a stormy day, my son." "Yes, sir," said the boy, "this is a very *wet* rain." The clergyman, thinking to rebuke such hyperbole, asked if he ever knew of other than wet rain. The boy answered that he never knew personally of any other, but he had read in a certain book, of a time when it rained fire and brimstone, and he guessed that was not a wet rain.

A telegram in the Nord says:—"Shamyl and his son were presented to the Emperor Alexandria, at Tchougonier, on the 27th ult. The Emir was much moved by the great kindness of the Emperor. After assisting at a military review, he returned on the 28th to Khakov, to be present at a ball given in his honor."

When Mr. Charles Reade began his story of "The Good Fight," he meant to make it a story of the parents of the great Erasmus; but this purpose was abandoned in the progress of the work.

It is thought that Fred Douglass has fled to Canada, to avoid becoming involved in the Harper's Ferry difficulty. The United States officers were after him—but could not find him.

THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

STILL GREATER INDUCEMENTS.

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VIEWS OF NIAGARA FALLS.

FICTION, NEWS, HUMOR, AGRICULTURE, THE MARKETS, &c., &c., &c.

The Proprietors of the SATURDAY EVENING POST—"the oldest and best of the Weeklies"—have the pleasure to announce to the reading public, that they have made an EXCLUSIVE engagement with an Author whose powerful Stories have of late attracted great attention; and that they will open the year 1860 with a novelet, *written expressly for* THE POST, called

THE EARL'S DAUGHTERS.

By the AUTHOR of "THE RED COURT FARM," "THE ROCK," the "HESTER HALLIWELL" Stories, "THE SIX GRAY POWDERS," "THE DIAMOND BRACELET," &c., &c.

In this story, written expressly for THE POST, this powerful writer's genius has had full scope afforded it; and we are able to state—having read it in manuscript, for it is already in hand—that it will make a sensation, unless we are greatly mistaken, as one of the most powerful and interesting stories ever published.

To enable those unacquainted with THE POST to judge of the richness and variety of its general contents, we may state that during the past year we have published novelets, stories, poems, essays, &c., from the pens of the following gifted writers:—

G. P. R. JAMES.	MARY HOWITT.
CHARLES DICKENS.	AUTHOR OF "THE RED COURT FARM."
ALFRED TENNYSON.	AUTHOR OF "FARM OF FOUR ACRES."
CHARLES READE.	GRACE GREENWOOD.
H. W. LONGFELLOW.	MISS PARDOE.
CHARLES MACKAY.	FLORENCE PERCY.
WILKIE COLLINS.	AMELIA B. EDWARDS
DR. O. W. HOLMES.	EMMA ALICE BROWN
T. S. ARTHUR.	AUTHOR OF "THE EBONY CASKET."
AUTHOR OF "THE SCOUT," &c.	MRS. M. A. DENISON.
ALEXANDER DUMAS.	FANNY M. RAYMOND.
JOHN G. WHITTIER.	NORA PERRY.
OWEN MEREDITH.	ISA CRAIG.
P. J. BAILEY, (Author of "Festus.")	MISS MARTINEAU.
LIEUT. HABERSHAM.	

The writings of the above and other distinguished authors make up, in a great degree, the yearly contents of THE POST—many of the above list writing expressly for our columns, and the choicest contributions of the others being obtained as soon as possible from the English and other Periodicals in which they appear. In this way we are enabled to make up a sheet, unsurpassed, as we think, for the VARIETY and BRILLIANCY of its contents.

THE POST does not confine itself, however, to works of the imagination, as so many Weeklies now do. It generally devotes a fair portion of its ample space to the NEWS of the WEEK, FOREIGN and DOMESTIC, to LETTERS FROM PARIS, to an AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT, to BANK NOTE and STOCK LISTS, and to a WEEKLY and ACCURATE PRICE CURRENT of the PRODUCE MARKETS, &c., &c.

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HAMILTON'S TWO VIEWS of NIAGARA FALLS—a couple of handsome and large-sized *Steel* Engravings—the retail price of which is FIVE DOLLARS—we are enabled to Club with THE POST on the following remarkably liberal terms.

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☞ TO EDITORS.—Editors who give the above one insertion, or condense the material portions of it for their *editorial* columns, shall be *entitled* to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy of the paper containing the advertisement or notice.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No. 39 South Third Street.
Philadelphia, Oct. 29, 1859.

PENNSYLVANIA.		SOUTH CAROLINA.	
Solv bks	par to ¼ dis	Solv bks	1 dis
NEW JERSEY.		ALABAMA.	
Solv bks	par to ¼ dis	Solv bks	1 to 3 dis
DELAWARE.		MISSISSIPPI.	
Solv bks	par to ¼ dis	All bks	uncertain
MARYLAND.		LOUISIANA.	
Baltimore	¼ dis	Solv bks	½ dis
Solv bks	½ dis	OHIO.	
NEW YORK.		Solv bks	½ dis
Sol bks	par to ¼ dis	KENTUCKY.	
MAINE.		Solv bks	½ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	INDIANA.	
NEW HAMPSHIRE.		State bank	½ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	ILLINOIS.	
VERMONT.		Solv bks	2½ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	MISSOURI.	
CONNECTICUT.		Solv bks	½ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	TENNESSEE.	
MASSACHUSETTS.		Old bks	1½ dis
Solv bks	½ dis	MICHIGAN.	
RHODE ISLAND.		Solv bks	2 dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	WISCONSIN.	
VIRGINIA.		Solv bks	2 dis
Solv bks	¼ to ½ dis	TEXAS.	
DIST. OF COLUMBIA.		Commercial and Agricultural bank, Galveston	10 dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	CANADA.	
NORTH CAROLINA.		Solv bks	1 dis
Solv bks	½ to 1 dis		
GEORGIA.			
Solv bks	1 dis		

NARCOTIC.—It is said that sugar candy is a narcotic when taken on going to bed. To use it, put two or three pieces of sugar candy of the size of a hazel nut into your mouth on going to bed, and before they are melted away you will be asleep.

A MARRIED lady in Loudoun Co., Va., is said to weigh five hundred and fifty-three pounds. Her husband is *a great lady's man.*

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—The receipts continue very light, and holders of Flour have put up their prices fully 12½c ₱ bbl since the close of last week: some 3000 bbls have found buyers, in small lots for shipment at from $5 to $5.25, mostly at $5,12½@5,25 for standard and good straight superfine, holders generally asking the latter figures for straight lots; the trade have been buying rather more freely within the range of $5,12½@5,37½ for superfine; $5,37½@5,62½ for extra; $5,75@6,25 for family, and $6,50@7 ₱ bbl for fancy lots, as in quality. Rye Flour is scarce, with further sales of about 250 bbls at $4,25 ₱ bbl. Of Corn Meal the market continues nearly bare, and all offered, some 300 bbls Pennsylvania Meal sold at $4 ₱ bbl.

GRAIN—The receipts and stocks of Wheat continue light, and prices within a day or two have advanced 4@5 ₱ bus, the millers, however, are not disposed to operate to any extent at the improvement, and only about 25,000 bus have been disposed of in lots at 125@130c for fair to prime reds, and 135 to 140c for white, mostly in store. Rye continues in steady demand, and about 4000 bus have been taken at 86@87c for Southern, and 86@90c for Pennsylvania, mostly at the latter rate for prime. Corn has met with a fair demand at fully former rates, and the sales reach about 36,000 bus, chiefly Southern yellow, at 95@96c in store, and 96c afloat, including inferior lots at 92@93c, white at 91@94c, and new yellow at 70@80c, as to condition. Oats have been unsettled and dull, but the market closes firmer; sales foot up about 20,000 bus at 41@42c for Southern, and 44@46c for Pennsylvania, the latter for extra heavy lots.

PROVISIONS—The market for bbld meats is quiet, with reduced stocks of all kinds to operate in, and only about 150 bbls Mess Pork sold at $16@16,25 ₱ bbl, cash and time. No change in Beef, and the sales are limited at $12@15 ₱ bbl, the latter for city Mess. Bacon is selling in a small way at 12½@13½c for plain and fancy Hams, 10½@10½c for Sides, and 8½@8½c for Shoulders, cash and short time; there is some little inquiry for the latter to go South. Of salted meats the market is nearly bare, and about 100 casks Shoulders sold at 8@8½c, mostly on time, and some Hams at 9½c. Lard is steady at 11@11½c for bbls and tcs, and 12c for kegs: about 1000 pkgs sold, to go out of the market, at our lowest figures, cash. Butter is in better demand; Roll is selling at 17@18c, and solid at 11@12c, as in quality; some Goshen sold at 22½@23c. Cheese is firm at 10½@11c. Eggs are worth 17@18c ₱ dozen.

COTTON—1100 bales have been sold in small lots at 11½@12½c, cash, for Uplands, and 12@13c for Gulfs, including some lots, part Tennessee, at 12½@13½c, on time.

BARK—Quercitron is wanted, and further small sales of 1st No 1 have been made, on arrival, at $28 ₱ ton. No change in Tanners' Bark, and a small business doing in Chestnut Oak at $11 ₱ cord.

BEESWAX continues unsettled and dull, with sales of yellow to note at 32@34c ₱ lb, as in quality.

COAL continues in good demand for the supply of the Eastern markets at fully former rates. Nothing doing in Bituminous Coal worthy of notice.

COFFEE—The receipts and stocks are light, but the market has been very quiet this week, and only about 1000 bags Rio have been disposed of at 11½@12c. 700 bags Laguayra also sold at 12@14c, according to quality, on the usual credit.

COPPER is unchanged, and we have only to note some further sales of Yellow Metal at 20c, 6 mos.

FEATHERS are moving off as wanted at steady rates, and about 6000 lbs good Western sold at 48@50c ₱ lb, as in lots.

FRUIT—The sales have been moderate at $2@3 for Green Apples, and $12@16 ₱ bbl for Cranberries, as in quality. Dried Fruit is selling in lots as wanted at 5@5c for Apples, 7@10c for unpared Peaches, and 12@15c ₱ lb for pared do.

HEMP—There is nothing doing and the stock is mostly all in the hands of the manufacturers, without any alteration to note in prices.

HIDES continue dull. Some sales of Porto Cabello dry Hides are reported at a price not made public.

HOPS are steady and firm, with further sales of Eastern and Western at 15@ 18c ₱ lb, as in quality.

IRON—The market is steady, but quiet at former quoted rates, and about 1000 tons Anthracite Pig Metal have been disposed of in lots at $23½ for No. 1, and $22½ for No. 2, on time, including 500 tons Forge at a private bargain. 100 tons Charcoal sold at $30, and 200 tons Gas Pipe at 39@40 ₱ ton, on time. Blooms and Boiler Plates continue dull. In Rails and Bars the sales have been very moderate, and prices the same as last quoted. Nails are also steady.

LEAD—The market is unchanged, but the stock is light, and no further sales of Pig bare come under our notice.

LEATHER—Prime stock is scarce and wanted, but other kinds are dull and neglected, and there is very little doing in the way of sales.

LUMBER—The market continues dull. Susquehanna culling Boards are quoted at $13@17; Yellow Sap do $14@15, and Lehigh Hemlock at $10, with moderate sales. A sale of W. P. shipping Boards was made at $14, and Cypress Shingles at $12 for 2 feet, and $18 for long do. Sales of Lathe are also reported at $1,60@1,70 ₱ M, as in quality.

MOLASSES—The market has been inactive, and we are only advised of some small sales of tart Cuba at 20c, Muscovado at 30c, and Portland Syrup at 22c, all on the usual terms.

SEEDS—There has been a fair demand for Clover-seed, and most of the lots offered found buyers at $5,50@5,70 ₱ bus for common to prime quality, but with increased receipts, prices, at the close, are unsettled and lower, sales of prime lots having been made at $5,50@5,62½, mostly at the former rate. A sale of 30 tons is also reported, made from second hands, at $5,65@5,68 ₱ bus, to go out of the market. Timothy and Flaxseed have been quiet, and prices about the same.

SPIRITS—Brandies are firm and on the advance, with a moderate business doing. Gins are unchanged. N E Rum is selling at 35@37c, as to lots.—Whiskey has been dull and drooping, Dradge selling at 26@26½c, Penna bbls at 28c, and Ohio do at 28½@29c; hhds are scarce, and selling in a small way at 27½c.

SUGAR has been very quiet, but the market closes with a better feeling, and holders are rather firmer; sales reach some 600 hhds, in lots, part taken for refining, at from 5½ to 6¾ and 7c, for Cuba, and 7@7¼c for New Orleans, on the usual terms.

TALLOW—City rendered is firm, with moderate sales at 11c ₱ lb.

TOBACCO—There is no change in prices, but the transactions are mostly in a small way, at about former rates.

WOOL—The stock of domestic on sale is very light, and holders are firm in their views, but there has been very little doing this week, and the transactions have been limited to small lots of pulled and fleece, within the range of quotations, including some foreign, on terms kept private; and a lot of East India Wool at 17c ₱ lb.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2600 head. The following lots were disposed of at the Avenue Drove Yard:—38 head I Abrahams, 8@9; 42 D Eckman, 7@9; 63 E McQuaid, Ills, 8½@9; 65 Carr & Baker, 6½@8½; 57 B Baldwin, Chester co, 8@8½; 120 Mooney & Smith, Ohio, 7½@8½; 93 Murphy & Co, Va, 8½@9½; 35 S Rhodes, Berks co, 7@8½; 57 D Gemmill, Del, 6@8½; 14 Bowen, 7@8; 22 Lloyd & Saul, 8@8; 27 Plumb, 7@8½. Sheep—6000 head at market, and selling at 7 to 9c ₱ lb, according to quality.

The following sales of Beef Cattle were made at the Bull's Head Drove Yard:—40 head R Merrick, by McCall, Chester co, 8@9½; 50 J Miller, by Seldemridge, Va, 3½@4, gross; 27 M H Forrest, Chester co, 7½@8½; 16 J Mackie, Md, 8@8½; 43 Scott & Kimble, Chester co, 7@9½; 19 J Holmes, Del, 8½@9½; 11 J Menah, Chester co, 8½@8½; 45 W Hoch, Md, 8@9.

At Imhoff's Hog Yard 2687 head were at market, and sold at $7½ to 8½ ₱ 100 lbs, according to quality.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

Oct. 29.—BREADSTUFFS—Flour declined—sales of 7500 bbls at 5c decline. State $4,75, Ohio $5,40@5,55; Southern $5,50@5,70. Meal dull and declining. Corn dull; sales of 14,000 bus at $1,01 for yellow. Pork dull at $15,12½@15,26 for Mess, and $10,80@10,85 for Prime. Lard quiet. Whiskey dull at 27½c.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 153—Adults 67, and children 86.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On Wednesday, 19th ultimo, by the Rev. J. Patton, Mr. GEORGE W. BECK, of Pottsville, to Miss EMMA JANE JACKSON, of this city.

On the 18th ultimo, by the Rev. B. R. Loxley, Mr. GEORGE KINSLER, to Miss MATILDA ORR, all of this city.

On the 26th ultimo, in Gloria Dei Church, by the Rev. Dr. J. C. Clay, JOHN HEINS, to ANNIE M. second daughter of Jacob K. Vaughan, Esq. both of this city.

On the 27th ultimo, at St. James Church, by the Rev. Henry J. Morton, EDWARD A. DAY, to Miss LAURA C. OGLE, both of this city.

On the 27th ultimo, at St. Philip's Church, by the Rev. C. D. Cooper, Mr. GEORGE F. JORDAN, to EMMA M. daughter of Geo. W. Coppuck, Esq. both of this city.

On Wednesday morning, Oct. 26th, at St. Philip's Church, by the Rev. C. D. Cooper, Mr. THOMAS J. HONGKINS, Jr. of Peekskill, N. Y. to Miss ESTHER K. FOX, of this city.

On Thursday morning, 27th ultimo, by the Rev. Dr. Brainerd, JOHN H. WILLIAMS, to LIZZIE L. daughter of the late Robert W. Davenport.

On the 20th ultimo, by the Rev. J. Spencer Kennard, Mr. EDWIN L. MIETZKE, to Miss SARAH A. ALBRIGHT, both of Abington, Bucks county, Pa.

On the 24th ultimo, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. THOMAS A. HALL, to Miss JANNIE Y. REED, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On Sunday morning, the 23d ultimo, HELEN, wife of Edward C. Hancock, of New Orleans, and daughter of Thaddeus Norris.

On the morning of the 23d ultimo, CHARLES S. BRANS, in his 25th year.

On the 24th ultimo, MARY BRINGHURST, relict of the late Thos. Bringhurst, in his 79th year.

On the evening of the 24th ultimo, Mr. ARCHIBALD LAWRENCE, of the firm of Abbott & Lawrence.

At Fort Laramie, Nebraska Territory, Sept. 17th, 1859, WALTER LOWRY, in his 33d year. He was returning home to his friends in Philada. from San Francisco, California, where he has been for some years connected with the editorial department of the Alta California newspaper, and by his kind and gentlemanly deportment had won many friends.

On the 27th ultimo, GEO. W. SMOKENER, Printer, aged 26 years.

On Wednesday night, the 26th ultimo, WILLIAM M. CARRINGTON, aged 36 years.

On the 26th ultimo, SOPHONISBA SELLERS, relict of the late Coleman Sellers, Sr. in her 74th year.

On the 25th ultimo, ANNA R. LEECH, aged 39.

On the 24th ultimo, Mrs. ANN STEELMAN, aged 75 years.

On the 25th ultimo, CHARLES BOYD, aged 20 years.

On the 21st ultimo, Mrs. SARAH A. REIFF, aged 33 years.

On the 23d ultimo, SAMUEL R. SCHWARTZ, Sr. aged 72 years.

At Bristol, Pa. on the 21st ultimo, Capt. ABRAM DEGROOT, aged 45 years.

On the 22d ultimo, Mrs. ELIZABETH DAVIS, aged 56 years.

On the 18th ultimo, Mrs. JANE LUSHER, aged 72 years.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing dull:—

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct, 18 6		
" " '62	105	—
" " '67	109	—
" " '68	109	—
" 5 " coupon '74	102½	—
Phila 6 pr ct, old	99½	100
" " new	103½	104
" 5 "	88	—
Pitts 6 pr ct,	75	—
" " coupon	—	85
Allegh City 6 pr ct	65	75
" County "	—	—
" R R issue	67½	—
Penn 6 pr ct	102	—
" 5 "	93½	94
Tenn 6 "	91½	92
" 5 " coupon	77	80
Kentucky 6 pr ct	—	104½
Missouri "	89½	—
Ohio " 1886	108½	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct	98½	99½
Virginia "	97½	—
Ind State 5 pr ct	92	—
Cal State 7 pr ct new bonds	91½	92
N Y City, 875-5	114	116
BANK STOCKS, &c.		
PHILADELPHIA.		
North America	155	156
Philadelphia	119	121
Far & Mec	59½	59
Commercial	50	51
N Liberty	63	—
Mechanics	27½	28½
Southwark	69	—
P Township	55½	—
Kensington	54	55
Girard	69	69½
Western	—	60
Man & Mec	27½	—
Commerce	—	70
Tradesman's	32½	—
City	65	69
Consolidation	—	25
Commonwealth	—	94½
Corn Exchange	32½	—
Germantown	—	50
Pittsburg, Pitt'bg	54	—
Exchange "	50	—
Kentucky, Ky	110	—
Northern "	122	—
Louisville "	115	116
Farmers "	130	—
Union, Nash, Tenn	103	104
Planters "	108	114
N O Gas Light	140	—
Com & R R Bank, Vicksburg	7	71
Washington Gas Light Co	32½	—
Lehigh Zinc	7	11
New Creek	—	1
New Grenada	—	6
N America Ins'co	14½	—
N Liberties Gas	32	—
Southwark and Frankford R R	56	58
Bonds	85	90
RAILROAD STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Pennsylvania RR		
1st mort bonds	—	100
2nd "	86½	87½
" stock	37½	38
Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds, 1864	—	96
" stock	125	125½
Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds, '70	77	78
mort 6's '44	—	90
" '66	88	89
" stock	19½	19½
Lehigh Valley R R mort 6 pr ct	90	91
" stock	42	43
Phil, Wil & Balt stock	35	36
6 pr ct loan, '60	99½	—
Chas Val R R, '78	35½	—
Tioga R R '75	—	85
Williams & Elmira 7's 1st mort	48	50
" 2nd "	7½	8
" stock	0	1
Catawissa "	—	—
Beaver Meadow stock	56½	57½
" preferred 10 pr ct	58	—
North Penn's R R stock	9½	9½
6 pr ct loan	61½	62
Phil Ger & Nor RR stock, div'd off	46	47
6 pr ct loan	97	103½
Mitchill R R	56½	58
Har & Lan R R stock	34	35
bonds '62	90	—
L. Schuylkill R R stock	—	16
Long Island R R stock	102	105
bonds	82	85
Erie R R stock	24	—
Hudson River R R	31½	—
N Y Central	72½	—
Michigan Central	47½	48½
Illinois "	64	—
Michigan Southern	74	—
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Sch'll Nav 6 pr ct loan, '32	68	69
Imp. 6 pr ct	77½	78
stock	8	8
preferred	15½	16
Lehigh Nav stock	48½	49
mort 6 pr ct	99	—
scrip	33½	34
Morris Consol'd	45	49
preferred	10½	10½
Ches & Del	40	—
bonds	77½	—
Union "	1	—
bonds	—	—
Sus & Tidewater	2	3
bonds, 1878	—	20

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THE DIAMOND WEDDING.

BY EDMUND C. STEDMAN.

[This is the amusing poem that the father of the bride foolishly talked of challenging the author for—but thought better of it.]

Oh, Love! Love! Love! what times were those,
Long ere the age of belles and beaux,
And Brussels lace and silken hose,
When, in the green Arcadian close,
You married Psyche under the rose,
With only the grass for bedding!
Heart to heart, and hand in hand,
You followed Nature's sweet command—
Roaming lovingly through the land—
Nor sighed for a Diamond Wedding.

So have we read, in classic Ovid,
How Hero watched for her beloved,
Impassioned youth, Leander.
She was the fairest of the fair,
And wraps him around with her golden hair,
Whenever he landed cold and bare,
With nothing to eat, and nothing to wear,
And wetter than any gander;
For Love was Love, and better than money—
The slyer the theft, the sweeter the honey—
And kissing was clover, all the world over,
Wherever Cupid might wander.

So thousands of years have come and gone,
And still the moon is shining on,
Still Hymen's torch is lighted;
And hitherto, in this land of the West,
Most couples in love have thought it best
To follow the ancient way of the rest,
And quietly get united.

But now, True Love, you're growing old—
Bought and sold, with silver and gold,
Like a house, or a horse and carriage!
Midnight talks,
Moonlight walks,
The glance of the eye and sweetheart-sigh,
The shadowy haunts with no one by,
I do not wish to disparage:
But every kiss
Has a price for its bliss,
In the modern code of marriage,
And the compact sweet
Is not complete
Till the high contracting parties meet
Before the altar of Mammon;
And the bride must be led to a silver bower,
Where pearls and rubies fall in a shower
That would frighten Jupiter Ammon!

I need not tell
How it befell,
(Since Jenkins has told the story
Over and over and over again,
In a style I cannot hope to attain,
And covered himself with glory!)
How it befell, one Summer's day,
The King of the Cubans strolled this way—
King January's his name, they say—
And fell in love with the Princess May,
The reigning belle of Manhattan;
Nor how he began to smirk and sue,
And dress as lovers who come to woo,
Or as Max Maretzek and Jullien do,
When they sit full-bloomed in the ladies' view,
And flourish the wondrous baton.

He wasn't one of your Polish nobles,
Whose presence their country somehow troubles,
And so our cities receive them;
Nor one of your make-believe Spanish grandees,
Who ply our daughters with lies and candies,
Until the poor girls believe them.
No, he was no such charlatan—
Full of gasconade and bravado,
Count de Hoboken Flash-in-the-pan—
But a regular rich Don Estaban
Santa Cruz de la Muscovado
Senor Grandissimo Oviedo!
He owned the rental of half Havana
And all Matanzas; and Santa Anna,
Rich as he was, could hardly hold
A candle to light the mines of gold
Our Cuban possessed, choke full of diggers;
And broad plantations, that in round figures,
Were stocked with at least five thousand niggers!

"Gather ye rosebuds while ye may!"
The Senor swore to carry the day—
To capture the beautiful Princess May,
With his battery of treasure;
Velvet and lace she should not lack:
Tiffany, Haughwout, Hall & Black,
Genin and Stewart, his suit should back,
And come and go at her pleasure;
Jet and lava—silver and gold—
Garnets—emeralds rare to behold—
Diamonds—sapphires—wealth untold—
All were hers, to have and to hold;
Enough to fill a peck-measure!

He didn't bring all his forces on
At once, but like a crafty old Don,
Who many a heart had fought and won,
Kept bidding a little higher;
And every time he made his bid—
And what she said, and all they did—
'Twas written down
For the good of the town,
By Jeems, of *The Daily Flyer*.

A coach and horses, you'd think, would buy
For the Don an easy victory:
But slowly our Princess yielded;
A diamond necklace caught her eye,
But a wreath of pearls first made her sigh.
She knew the worth of each maiden glance,
And like young colts, that curvet and prance,
She led the Don a dance of a dance,
In spite of the wealth he wielded.
She stood such a fire of silks and laces,
Jewels, and golden dressing-cases,
And ruby brooches, and jets and pearls,
That every one of her dainty curls
Brought the price of a hundred common girls;
Folks thought the lass demented!
But at last a wonderful diamond ring,
A regular Kohi-noor, did the thing.
And, sighing with love, or something the same,
(What's in a name?)
The Princess May consented.

Ring! ring the bells, and bring
All the people to see the thing!
Let the gaunt and hungry and ragged poor
Throng round the great Cathedral door,
To wonder what all the hubbub's for.
And sometimes stupidly wonder
At so much sunshine and brightness which
Fall from the church upon the rich,
While the poor get all the thunder.

Ring! ring, merry bells, ring!
Oh, fortunate few,
With letters blue—
Good for a seat and nearer view!
Fortunate few, whom I dare not name;
Dilettante! Creme de la creme!
We commoners stood by the street facade
And caught a glimpse of the cavalcade;
We saw the bride
In bridesmaids pride,
With six jewelled maidens to guard her side—
Six lustrous maidens in tarletan—
She led the van of the caravan
Close behind her, her mother
(Drest in gorgeous *moire antique*,
That told, as plainly as words could speak,
She was more antique than the other),
Leaned on the arm of Don Estaban
Santa Cruz de la Muscovado
Senor Grandissimo Oviedo;
Happy mortal! fortunate man!
And Marquis of El Dorado!

In they swept, all riches and grace,
Silks and satins and Honiton lace;
In they swept from the dazzled sun,
And soon in the church the deed was done
Three prelates stood on the chancel high—
A knot, that gold and silver can buy,
Gold and silver may yet untie,
Unless it is tightly fastened;
What's worth doing at all's worth doing well,
And the sale of a young Manhattan belle
Is not to be pushed or hastened;
So two Very-Reverends graced the scene,
And the tall Archbishop stood between,
By prayer and fasting chastened:
The Pope himself would have come from Rome,
But urgent matters kept him at home,
Haply these robed prelates thought
Their words were the power that tied the knot;
But another power that love-knot tied,
And I saw the chain around the neck of the bride—
A glistening, priceless, marvellous chain,
Coiled with diamonds again and again,
As befits a diamond wedding;
Yet still 'twas a chain—I thought she knew it,
And halfway longed for the will to undo it—
By the secret tears she was shedding.

But isn't it odd, to think, whenever
We all go through that terrible River,
Whose sluggish tide alone can sever
(The Archbishop says) the Church decree,
By floating one into Eternity
And leaving the other alive as ever—
As each wades through that ghastly stream,
The satins that rustle and gems that gleam
Will grow pale and heavy and sink away
To the noisome River's bottom clay;
Then the costly bride, and her maidens six,
Will shiver upon the banks of the Styx,
Quite as helpless as they were born—
Naked souls, and very forlorn;
And the beautiful Empress over yonder,
Whose crinoline made the wide world wonder—
And even ourselves and our dear little wives,
Who calico wear each morn of their lives—
And the sewing girls—and *les chiffonniers*
In rags and hunger the livelong day—
And all the grooms of the caravan—
Aye, even the great Don Estaban
Santa Cruz de la Muscovado
Senor Grandissimo Oviedo—
That gold-encrusted, fortunate man!—
All will land in naked equality:
The lord of a ribboned principality
Will mourn the loss of his *cordon*;
The Princess, too, must shift for herself,
And lay her royalty on the shelf;
Nothing to eat, and nothing to wear,
Will certainly be the fashion there!
Ten to one, and I'll go it alone,
Those most used to a rag and bone—
Though here on earth they labor and groan—
Will stand it best when we come to rest
On the other side of Jordan.

—*Daily Tribune.*

Wit and Humor.

Etiquette of Burglary.—Call when the family is out of town.

Choose a dark night for your visit.

Make as little noise as possible.

Walk on tiptoe, as you keep moving from room to room, for fear of disturbing any one who might be asleep.

Remove all articles of value that come in your way.

Don't slam the doors.

Before leaving, drink your host's health in his best Sherry.

Shut the street-door carefully as you go out.

As you are not expected to show your faces on such occasions, you may as well protect them from the cold by wearing pieces of black crape over them.

You needn't leave your Card behind you, because if your host troubled himself in the least by attempting to return your call, you would only be putting him to a great deal of inconvenience, and besides you would not be able to treat him with the same hospitality. Moreover, such visits, paid, as they are, with such little ceremony, are never expected to be returned.

Should you, by any accident, meet with a policeman, do not behave meanly or discourteously to him, but invite him by all means to join your little festive party, unless he should prefer to keep watch for you by remaining outside.

Nice Idea of Honor.—At an up-town whist party, last week, two of our money kings, Broadstreet and Wallstreet, were playing against each other. Broadstreet had just taken the odd trick: the "honors" were "easy." "That makes us four," said Broadstreet, marking that number of points for his side.

"No; three," said Wallstreet.

"Excuse me; it is four."

"Come! I'll bet you five dollars that it was only three."

"Well," replied the cautious financier, "I don't feel sure enough to bet, but I'll give you my word of honor."—*Sat. Press.*

An Ignorant African.—The Columbus (Ohio) Journal thus reports a row in that city:

"A large African, whose back might answer for a black board in a public school, was arrested, and a boulder, weighing about four pounds, was found under his shirt bosom. On being questioned as to how it came into his possession, he exclaimed, with a look of blank astonishment, 'Dat's just what I'd like to know, how dat infernal rock got into my busum. I 'spect some nigger must have frowed it dar.'"

Little Man of the World.—Well, I suppose you young people have a good deal to say to each other that would not interest a third party; so I'll stroll off and smoke a quiet weed for half an hour or so!

N. B.—Our artist would hold up the above example for the emulation of all brothers, under similar circumstances.

The Old Sermon.—Judge M——, of Springfield, famous for a remarkably retentive memory, and who, as Judge of Probate for Hampden County for a long series of years, endeared himself by his kindness and benevolence to hundreds of widows and orphans, was standing, cane in hand, one Monday morning, seven or eight years ago, upon the steps of Elisha Gunn's store on Main street (now occupied by Tilly Haynes & Co., as a clothing store, and which used to be a famous resort for "old settlers',) when Doctor O—— chanced to pass.

"Doctor, Doctor!" sung out the Judge, rapping and beckoning with his cane to the reverend old gentleman, who had passed by without observing the Judge; "I have been trying to think," said the Judge, scratching his head, "whether it is nineteen or twenty years ago since you first gave us the sermon you preached yesterday afternoon."

"Twenty, Judge, twenty!" cried the Doctor as he turned, and without another word, kept on his course up the street.

Hard Bread, or a Hard Story.—How hard corn bread may be made will appear from the following story, told by an old gentleman in Western Arkansas:

"I have been living down here below Fort Smith for twenty years. The desk in my office is at the head of a long flight of stairs, and in the haste of business my inkstand is often knocked off and rolled down. For a long time I could get no material that would stand this usage. Glass was out of the question. Stone broke like crockery. The hardest wood I could find soon gave way. Finally, a lucky thought struck me. I sent up to one of my neighbors, the widow B——, for a piece of her corn bread. After ruining several fine tools, I succeeded in hollowing it out, and shaping it into an inkstand. That was ten years ago; and, stranger, I've used that inkstand ever since; and I reckon it is good for at least two generations longer!"

Hard to Convince.—Some years ago, when a warm canvass was going on for a Senator in the Legislature of Virginia, the issue turned principally upon the subject of "internal improvement" in the State, by opening canals, railroads, and turnpikes. Mr. C——, who was the candidate in favor of State expenditures for these objects, encountered the opposition of an honest but not very intelligent voter of the district, whose vote he wished to obtain; and for this purpose he attempted to convince the voter, by argument, of the error of his opinion; and finally remarked, "My friend, if you were acquainted with the *geography* of the State, I am sure you would agree with me in opinion, and give me your vote." "But, Mr. C——," replied his sage opponent, "the fact is, I do not *believe in geography!*" This was enough. Mr. C—— thought it quite useless to argue longer with a man who did not even "believe in geography," and consequently lost his vote.

Agricultural.

ABOUT DRYING APPLES.

October and November are the best months for drying apples, and the well-ripened, choice fall varieties are by far the best for the purpose. Some people have an idea that anything in the shape of an apple, big enough to pare, cut and core, let the flavor be what it may, is just as good for drying as another. We beg leave to correct this error. It is just as important to have a good apple to dry, as to eat raw, cook or bake. To those, therefore, who want good dried apples, we will offer a few suggestions.

1. Let your apples be of good size, fair in shape, choice in flavor—sweet or tart, as you may prefer; both are good for a variety of purposes. They should be gathered without bruising; laid by till nearly ripe, but not quite ripe; pared with a machine—if you have a good one—and quartered, or half-quartered according to the size of the fruit, of the use to be made of the article when dried.

2. Let the work be done as rapidly as possible, for the fruit may ripen too fast after beginning to do them, and keep the cutting and coring up with the paring; for the moment the open flesh of the fruit becomes exposed to the atmosphere, or heated, it begins to lose its aroma, moisture, and flavor, all to the damage of its quality when dried.

3. If you choose to string them, which may be done, or not, as you prefer, do it as soon as you can. We should not dry thus, preferring wire-racks for the purpose. Then instead of hanging them up by the side of the house, in the sun, or in the kitchen, where millions of flies will alight upon, and live on them for several days, put them in a kiln, or drying-room, with a heat of a hundred degrees of thermometer. Let the kiln be ventilated at the bottom and top, to pass off the exhaling moisture, but not enough to make a perceptible draft through it.

4. When the drying heat has sufficiently closed the pores of the cut fruit to prevent the escape of its aroma, the heat may be modified ten or twenty degrees, and so continue until they are sufficiently cured for storing away, which may be known by breaking a few pieces, and the absence of any settled moisture in the flesh, showing fermentation.

5. When sufficiently cured, pack them away in small bags, or sacks, not closely crowded in, but as they will naturally fill; tie them closely, and hang them to nails on the side of a dry room. They will thus keep indefinitely, or till you want to use them.

A well selected apple, properly pared, cut, cored and cured, is one of the best luxuries of the table, while indifferent varieties, carelessly worked up, strung and dried in the kitchen, half covered with flies, fused with the steams of cookery, dust, and the accumulations and exhalations of an open and disordered living room, are not fit to eat, nor even to sell. We have seen apples dried after the latter fashion, even in the households of otherwise tidy people; and to those who are in the habit of doing so, we say, try the other plan, and if they do not acknowledge it a better way, in every possible use an apple can be put to, call upon us for the difference in expense.—*American Agriculturist.*

To Save Trees from Mice.—Messrs. Eds.—As we often hear complaints about the depredations of mice upon fruit trees, and the inquiry how to prevent their depredations, I thought I would give my remedy, to wit:—Some six years since, about the first month, when the snow was some twelve to eighteen inches deep, I found the mice had commenced gnawing several young trees in my orchard, and on one side of my small nursery, along side of the fence; some fifty rows, 1 1-2 rods from the fence, were more than half destroyed. What to do I did not know, but finally concluded to try ashes—by so doing save them. I took dry ashes and strewed around those trees in the orchard, and along on the nursery trees on top of the snow, and not a mark of a mouse track did I see after. I have used ashes about my trees ever since, by applying them about the roots and bodies of my trees, from January to April, and have not had one tree injured since. I consider this a perfect preventive, and at the same time a great benefit to the tree. —*Corres. Rural New Yorker.*

Vitriol and Fence Posts.—Of the many methods of preserving fence posts from decay, none is perhaps more simple and cheap than the one of soaking them in blue vitriol. At a recent meeting of the Farmers' Club, in Hudson, N. Y., one of the members exhibited a post soaked in a solution of blue vitriol, one pound of vitriol being used to twenty quarts of water. The post was pine, and when taken up was as sound as when first put down, eight years ago. This solution is good for all kinds of timber exposed to the weather—spouts, shingles, stakes, bean-poles, &c.

Winter Barley for Feeding Sheep.—A correspondent of the London Agricultural Gazette writes to that journal:—"Last spring a farmer in Hants fed his sheep on this dry plant, after it was in *ear*; his flock have not recovered from the effects of it yet. In August it first scoured them, and he has lost some 23 ewes and several lambs; they dwindle away, and the shepherd says when they die, they have not a drop of blood in their veins."

Flower Farms.—Why not whole farms devoted to the cultivation of flowers, and sweet-scented plants, to furnish materials for the manufacture of perfumes? Look at the immense importations of these things, and then inquire why not produce them at home? Why not a field of roses as well as a field of corn?—*The Cincinnatus.*

☞ Our powers owe much of their energy to our hopes.—*Johnson.*

BEDDING FOR CATTLE.

The importance of this is conceded for the horse, and most humane owners provide straw or refuse hay to put the nag at his ease when he lies down in his stable. It is quite as important for all the ruminant animals that we have domesticated. Instinct prompts them to seek the dryest, warmest spot in the pasture for their repose, and Nature spreads for them the soft green turf, quite as much for their rest, as for their sustenance. The wise farmer will profit by Nature's hint, and when he stables his cattle for the Winter, will provide dry warm beds.

Bedding favors the accumulation of fat and muscle, by helping to retain the animal heat, and promoting quiet and comfort. It also promotes the secretion of milk in cows, for the same reasons. Any one can satisfy himself on this point, by experimenting with a cow a week in a well bedded stable, and a second week upon the bare ground in the barn yard. Cows in milk are kept much cleaner with a good bed, and this is an item of prime importance, with all who love clean milk. Quite a variety of substances are used for bedding. Straw and hay are the most common, as they are the most convenient, especially to farmers who raise grain largely, or who have a good deal of swamp land, yielding poor hay.

In cities and villages, they are often too costly, and this has led to various substitutes, some of them quite as good as straw, and having this advantage, that they add very much to the manure heap. Dry sawdust, from saw and shingle mills, and the fine chips and shavings from planing mills, all make good bedding. Spent tan bark, when dried in the sun, also serves the same purpose, and makes a much more valuable manure. Eel-grass is also much used for this purpose, by the sea-shore farmers, and answers well. Leaves from the forest, especially those of hard wood trees, make a still better bed, and form one of the best composts for the garden or field.

Dried turf from a salt marsh is, on the whole, the best bedding we have ever used in our stable. It is cut in Summer, in blocks of about a cubic foot each, dried in the sun a few weeks, and then stored under cover for use. It is very light, spongy, and absorbs urine better than any thing we have ever tried. A layer of it under a horse will last about two weeks before it is saturated. It is then thrown into the barn cellar, to undergo fermentation.

One great advantage of this, and of the sawdust and tan bark is, that they put the animal heat of the stock to an economic use. It promotes the decomposition of the vegetable matter, and swells the manure heap very rapidly.

Any one, or all of these materials are exceedingly valuable in the stable, and the stock owner should use them as largely as possible, for the purpose of increasing his stock of fertilizers.—*Amer. Agriculturist.*

Useful Receipts.

Cider-Making Without Pressure.—It is stated that a man at Parkersburg, Va., is successful in making cider by the following process: He grinds the apples, and fills casks with one end open, the bottom having some sticks and straw, like a leach-tub for ashes.—On the pomace he pours as much water as it would yield juice by pressure, and that displaces the juice, and sends it to the bottom, from which, after two days, it is drawn by opening the faucet, and as the cider is heavier than water, it runs off at first pure. The pomace, too, having an affinity for water, absorbs that, which displaces the natural juice, and leaves the pomace quite tasteless. This process may be useful to persons who have a few apples and no cider-press.

Cubeb Felons.—A recipe found in your valuable paper, some time since, and cut out for future use, was tried, viz.: to cure felons on the finger by applying the spinal marrow of the ox on a piece of cotton rag, changing it every four hours; it quite successfully cured a felon on a lady's finger in this city. The writer feels quite grateful for the information.—*Scientific American.*

To Dye Straw Bonnets Black.—Suppose there are two bonnets to dye, one leghorn and one straw. Put an ounce of sulphate of iron into a vessel with two gallons of water; make the liquor boil; then put in the bonnets, and let them boil for one hour. Then take out the bonnets and hang them on a peg to dry. When dry, rinse them in cold water. This portion of the process of dyeing is called mordanting, the liquor being termed mordant. After the bonnets are thus mordanted, the mordant must be poured out of the boiling vessel, and two gallons of clean water made to boil in its place; into that liquor put half a pound of gall nuts (broken) and half a pound of logwood, together with the bonnets, and allow the whole again to boil for one hour. Then take them out of the liquor, and hang them to dry as before, when they will be of dusky brown-black color. Chip bonnets, as a rule, do not require so long as straw, because the chip takes the dye easier. The final process is to size or stiffen the bonnets, and put them into shape.—This operation requires two ounces of best glue, put into two quarts of cold water overnight, and next day completely dissolved by boiling. When the glue is melted, strain the liquor (then called size) into an earthen vessel. Into this put the bonnets, one at a time, till thoroughly soaked. When the bonnets are taken out of the liquor, all superfluous size must be sponged off. They are then brought into shape as they get gradually dry, or they may be dried on a block. After this sizing process, the color of the dye is improved, and becomes black as jet.—*Septimus Piesse.*

Cream Pie.—Into one pint of cream stir 1 tablespoonful of flour, nearly a half-cup of sugar, a little salt, and season with nutmeg or extract of lemon. Make a good crust, and your pie will be good.—*Rural New Yorker.*

☞ Minds of moderate calibre ordinarily condemn everything which is beyond their range.—*La Rochefoucault.*

☞ Ralph Waldo Emerson remarked in a recent lecture, that our trust in physicians was not confidence in their skill, but despair of our own.

The Riddler.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 14 letters.
My 13, 10, 14, was a title of Pluto.
My 1, 7, 11, 12, 5, 14, was a Scythian priest of Apollo.
My 2, 6, 12, 13, is the god of war.
My 4, 5, 14, 14, 1, is a fourth fury.
My 5, 9, 11, is a mountain near Troy.
My 9, 5, 3, 14, is a title of Jupiter.
My 8, 4, 5, 14, 1, was the founder of the Eolians.
My 10, 3, 4, 4, 14, is a town in England.
My whole is the name of a female writer of the present day. J. & E.
Hornhamville.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 4 letters.
My 3, 2, 1, is an animal.
My 1, 2, 4, is one of the months.
My 3, 4, 2, is a beam of light.
My 2, 3, 1, is a part of the body.
My 1, 2, 3, is to spoil.
My 4, 2, 1, is a vegetable.
My 1, 4, is a pronoun.
My 2, 1, is a neuter verb.
My 2, 3, 1, 4, is a large body of men.
My 2, 1, 4, is a girl's name.
My 2, 4, is an exclamation.
My 1, 2, 3, 2, 4, is what most persons expect to do.
My whole is a girl's name. KATE.

RIDDLE.

BY LORD BYRON.

'Twas whispered in heaven, 'twas muttered in hell,
And echo caught faintly the sound as it fell;
On the confines of earth 'twas permitted to rest,
And the depths of the ocean its presence confessed;
'Twill be found in the sphere, when 'tis riven asunder;
'Tis seen in the lightning, and heard in the thunder;
'Twas allotted to man from his earliest breath,
It assists at his birth, and attends him at death;
Presides o'er his happiness, honor and health,
'Tis the prop of his house, and the end of his wealth;
In the heap of the miser 'tis hoarded with care,
But is sure to be lost in his prodigal heir;
It begins every hope, every wish it must bound,
It prays with the hermit, with monarchs is crowned;
Without it the seaman and soldier may roam,
But woe to the wretch that expels it from home;
In the whispers of conscience 'tis sure to be found,
Nor e'en in the whirlwind of passion is drowned;
'Twill soften the heart, and though deaf to the ear,
'Twill make it acutely and constantly hear;
But in short let it rest; like a beautiful flower
(Oh! breathe on it softly,) it dies in an hour.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is either bad or good,
May please or may offend you;
My second, in the thirsty mood,
May very much befriend you;
My whole, though termed "a cruel word,"
May yet appear a kind one;
It often may with joy be heard,
With tears may often blind one.

Cedarville, Illinois. JESSE W. CORNELIUS.

CHARADE.

BY T. K. HERVEY.

The earth was green, and the sky *not* blue,
For the sun was drinking the early dew,
When a Knight drew rein, to slake his thirst,
As he started to hear from a cloud my First.

He shook out his bridle:—"My steed, we're late!
She goes to chapel at half-past eight;
We have far to travel through glen and glade!"—
And he summoned my Second his hint to aid.

The steed like a hurricane swept the way:—
For the rider had started at dawn of day,
To carry my Whole to his lady fair,
Ere she passed from her bower to the morning prayer.

When the lady came forth, in her judgment cool,
She thought that her knight was a very great fool;
That to put on my Second, and rise with my First,
And gallop so madly, and look so accurst,
For a bouquet—it should have been roses at worst,—
Not such mean little children of sunshine and showers
As are called by the name of my Whole among flowers!

MATHEMATICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

It is required to fence in a circular piece of ground with a fence of 8 rails high, one panel of fence or 2 lengths of rails, to make 1 perch of fence in length, so that there will be one acre of ground fenced in to every rail which is in the fence to inclose the same. Required the number of rails it will take to fence thus in an equal number of acres?

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CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is the world like a vagrant? Ans.—Because it has no "ostensible means of support."

☞ Why is the difference between pardoning, and thinking no more of an injury, the same as that between a selfish and a generous man? Ans.—Because the one is *for-getting* and the other *for-giving*."

☞ Why is the rudder of a steamboat like a public hangman? Ans.—Because it has a stern duty to perform.

☞ When is a lady's neck not a neck? Ans.—When it is a little hare (*hair*).

☞ Why do men who are about to fight a duel generally choose a *field* for the place of action? Ans.—I really cannot tell, unless it be for the purpose of allowing the balls to *graze*.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.—The British Parliament having passed an act laying a duty of threepence per pound upon all tea imported into America, the Colonists considering this as a grievance, deny the right of the British Parliament to tax them. CHARADE.—Venison (Veni-son). GEOMETRICAL QUESTION.—27 113-147 inches.

☞ A friend speaking to Archbishop ——, of certain Irish orators, said, "They have a great command of language." "You mistake, sir," replied the Archbishop, "language has a great command of them."

☞ The Waiter's Epitaph.—"Coming, Coming!"

☞ The Auctioneer's Epitaph.—"Going, Going, Gone!"